

THE SATURDAY

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 132 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.



EVENING POST

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1807.
WHOLE NUMBER EIGHTH, 1859.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1859.

EDMUND DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
HENRY PETERSON,

"TIS LOVE THAT MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

At breakfast-time, on Christmas day,
Beneath my plate a letter lay,
Sealed with pink hearts, and darts of gold—
I broke the wafer, and behold,
A cupid, poised upon a world,
Which to his footsteps turned and whirled—
And all with this quaint legend crowned—
"Tis Love that makes the world go round."

I knew the rogue—a saucy elf,
Sitting just opposite myself—
A noisy, laughing, loving boy,
Full to the brim of boisterous joy;—
I looked and met his merry eyes,
And marvelled with amus'd surprise
That he—a child—so soon had found
"Tis Love that makes the world go round."

With Christmas kisses, sports, and joys,
And Christmas games, and cakes, and toys,
And songs, and romps, and noisy play,
We made a merry Christmas day.
Right rapidly it must have whirled,
That day—this great rejoicing world,
If truth within the rule abounds,
"Tis Love that makes the world go round."

THE DIVORCED.

"I will tell you that lady's story," said my friend, the doctor, after we had left the Asylum, and while he was showing me the way back to the railway station; "and you shall judge for yourself whether I am right or wrong in granting her privileges which are not enjoyed by my other patients, and in allowing her to spend some hours every day in the society of my wife and children."

If you had been in the far West of England, about three years since; and if you had happened to take up one of the Cornish newspapers on a certain day of the month, which need not be specially mentioned, you would have seen this notice of a marriage at the top of a column:—

On the 3rd inst., at the parish church, the Rev. Alfred Carling, Rector of Penliddy, to Emily Harriet, relict of the late Fergus Duncan, Esq., of Glenard, N. B.

The rector's marriage did not produce a very favorable impression in the town, solely in consequence of the unaccountably private and unpretending manner in which the ceremony had been performed. The middle-aged bride and bridegroom had walked quietly to church one morning; had been married by the curate, before any one was aware of it; and had embarked immediately afterwards in the steamer for Tenby, where they proposed to pass their honeymoon. The bride being a stranger at Penliddy, all inquiries about her previous history were fruitless; and the townspeople had no alternative but to trust to their own investigations for enlightenment when the rector and his wife came home to settle among their friends.

After six weeks' absence, Mr. and Mrs. Carling returned; and the simple story of the rector's courtship and marriage was gathered together in fragments, by inquisitive friends, from his own lips, and from the lips of his wife.

Mr. Carling and Mrs. Duncan had met at Torquay. The rector, who had exchanged houses and duties for the season with a brother clergyman settled at Torquay, had called on Mrs. Duncan in his clerical capacity, and had come away from the interview, deeply impressed and interested by the widow's manners and conversation. The visits were repeated; the acquaintance grew into friendship, and the friendship into love—ardent, devoted love on both sides. Middle-aged man though he was, this was Mr. Carling's first attachment; and it was met by the same freshness of feeling on the lady's part. Her life with her first husband had not been a happy one. She had made the fatal mistake of marrying to please her parents rather than herself, and had repented it over afterwards. On her husband's death, his family had not behaved well to her; and she had passed her widowhood, with her only child, a daughter, in the retirement of a small Scotch town, many miles away from the home of her married life. After a time, the little girl's health had begun to fail; and, by the doctor's advice, she had migrated southward to the milder climate of Torquay. This change had proved to be of no avail; and rather more than a year ago the child had died. The place where her darling was buried was a sacred place to her, and she had remained in it ever since. Her position in the world was now a lonely one. She was herself an only child; her father and mother were both dead; and, excepting cousins, her one near relation left alive was a maternal uncle living in London.

These particulars were all related, simply and unaffectedly, before Mr. Carling ventured on the confession of his attachment. When he made his proposal of marriage, Mrs. Duncan received it with an excess of agitation, which astonished and almost alarmed the inexperienced clergyman. As soon as she could speak, she begged with extraordinary earnestness and anxiety, for a week to consider her answer; and requested Mr. Carling not to visit her again on any account until the week had expired. The next morning she and her maid departed for London. They did not return until the week for consideration had expired.

On the eighth day Mr. Carling called again, and was accepted.

The proposal to make the marriage as private as possible, came from the lady. She had been to London to consult her uncle (whose health, she regretted to say, would not allow him to travel to Cornwall to give his niece away at the altar); and he agreed with Mrs. Duncan that the wedding could not be too private and unpretending. It was made public, the family of her first husband would expect cards to be sent to them, and a renewal of intercourse, which would be painful on both sides, might be the consequence. Other friends in Scotland, again, would resent her marrying a second time, at her age; and would distress her and annoy her future husband in many ways. She was anxious to break altogether with her past existence; and to begin a new and happier life, untrammeled by any connection with former times and troubles. She urged these points, as she had received the offer of marriage, with an agitation which was almost painful to see. This peculiarity in her conduct, however, which might have irritated some men, and rendered others distrustful, had no unfavorable effect upon Mr. Carling.—He set it down to an excess of sensitiveness and delicacy which charmed him. He was himself—though he never would confess it—a shy, nervous man by nature. Ostentation of any sort was something which he shrank from instinctively, even in the simplest affairs of daily life; and his future wife's proposal to avoid all the usual ceremony and publicity of a wedding, was more than agreeable to him; it was a positive relief. The courtship was accordingly kept secret at Torquay, and the marriage was celebrated privately at Penliddy.—It found its way into the local newspaper, as a matter of course; but it was not, as usual in such cases, also advertised in the Times. Both husband and wife were equally happy in the enjoyment of their new life, and equally unequal in taking no measures whatever to publish it to others.

Such was the story of the rector's marriage. Socially, Mr. Carling's position was but little affected either way by the change in his life. As a bachelor, his circle of friends had been a small one; and when he married, he made no attempt to enlarge it. He had never been popular with the inhabitants of his parish generally. Essentially a weak man, he was, like other weak men, only capable of asserting himself positively, in serious matters, by running into extremes. As a consequence of this moral defect, he presented some singular anomalies in character. In the ordinary affairs of life, he was the gentlest and most yielding of men; but in all that related to strictness of religious principle, he was the sternest and the most aggressive of fanatics. In the pulpit, he was a preacher of merciless sermons; an interpreter of the Bible, by the letter rather than by the spirit, as pitiless and as gloomy as one of the Puritans of old—while, on the other hand, by his own fireside, he was considerate, forbearing and humble almost to a fault. As a necessary result of this singular inconsistency of character, he was feared, and sometimes even disliked, by the members of his congregation, who only knew him as their pastor, and he was prized and loved by the small circle of friends who also knew him as a man. These friends gathered round him more closely and more affectionately than ever after his marriage—not on his own account only, but influenced also by the attractions that they found in the society of his wife. Her refinement and gentleness of manner: her extraordinary accomplishments as a musician; her unvarying sweetness of temper, and her quick, winning, womanly intelligence in conversation, charmed every one who approached her. She was quoted as a model wife and woman by all her husband's friends; and she amply deserved the character that they gave her. Although no children came to cheer it, a happier and a more admirable married life has seldom been witnessed in this world than the life which was once to be seen in the rectory house at Penliddy.

With these necessary explanations, that preliminary part of my narrative of which the events may be massed together generally, for brevity's sake, comes to a close. What I have next to tell is of a deeper and a more serious interest, and must be carefully related in detail. The rector and his wife had lived together, without, as I honestly believe, a harsh word or an unkind look once passing between them, for upwards of two years, when Mr. Carling took his first step towards the fatal future that was awaiting him, by devoting his leisure hours to the apparently simple and harmless occupation of writing a pamphlet.

He had been connected for many years with one of our great missionary societies, and had taken as active a part as a country clergyman could in the management of its affairs. At the period of which I speak, certain influential members of the society had proposed a plan for greatly extending the sphere of its operations, trusting to a proportionate increase in the annual subscriptions to defray the additional expenses of the new movement. The question was not now brought forward for the first time. It had been agitated eight years previously, and the settlement of it had been at that time deferred to a future opportunity. The revival of the project, as usual in such cases, split the working members of the society into two parties: one party cautiously objecting to run any risks; the other hopefully declaring that the venture was a safe one and that success was sure to attend it. Mr. Carling sided enthusiastically with the members who espoused this latter side of the question; and the object of his pamphlet was to address the subscribers to

the society on the subject, and so to interest them in it as to win their charitable support, on a larger scale than usual, to the new project.

He had worked hard at his pamphlet, and had got more than half-way through it, when he found himself brought to a standstill for want of certain facts which had been produced on the discussion of the question eight years since, and which were necessary to the full and fair statement of his case. He at first thought of writing to the secretary of the society for information; but, remembering that he had not held his office more than two years, he thought it little likely that this gentleman would be able to help him, and looked back to his own Diary of the period, to see if he had made any notes in it relating to the original discussion of the affair. He found a note referring, in general terms only, to the matter in hand; but adding, at the end, to a report in the Times of the proceedings of a deputation from the society, which had waited on a member of the government of that day, and to certain letters to the editor which had followed the publication of the report. The note described these letters as "very important;" and Mr. Carling felt, as he put his Diary away again, that the successful conclusion of his pamphlet now depended on his being able to get access to the back numbers of the Times of eight years since.

It was winter time when he was thus stopped in his work; and the prospect of a journey to London (the only place he knew of at which files of the paper were to be found) did not present many attractions. And yet he could see no other and easier means of effecting his object. After considering for a little while and arriving at no possible conclusion, he left the study, and went into the drawing room to consult his wife.

He found her working industriously by the blazing fire. She looked so happy and comfortable—so gentle and charming in her pretty little lace cap, and her warm brown morning-dress, with its bright cherry-colored ribbons and its delicate swansdown trimming circling around her neck and nestling over her bosom, that he stopped and kissed her with the tenderness of his bridegroom days before he spoke. When he told her of the cause that had suspended his literary occupation, she listened, with the sensation of the kiss still lingering in her downcast eyes and her smiling lips, until he came to the subject of his Diary, and its reference to the newspaper. As he mentioned the name of the Times, she altered and looked him straight in the face gravely.

"Can you suggest any plan, love?" he went on, "which may save me the necessity of a journey to London at this bleak time of the year? I must positively have this information; and, so far as I can see, London is the only place at which I can hope to meet with a file of the Times of eight years since."

As he pronounced the last three words, he saw her face overspread instantaneously by a ghastly paleness; her eyes fixed on him with a strange mixture of rigidity and vacuity in their look; her hands, with her work held tight in them, dropped slowly on her lap; and a shiver ran through her from head to foot.

He sprang to his feet, and snatched the smelling-salts from her work-table, thinking she was going to faint. She put the bottle from her, when he offered it, with a hand that thrilled him with the deadly coldness of its touch, and said, in a whisper:—

"A sudden chill, dear—let me go up stairs and lie down."

He took her to her room. As he laid her down on the bed, she caught his hand, and said, entreatingly:—

"You won't go to London, darling, and leave me here ill!"

He promised that nothing should separate him from her until she was well again; and then ran down stairs to send for the doctor. The doctor came, and pronounced that Mrs. Carling was only suffering from a nervous attack; that there was not the least reason to be alarmed; and that, with proper care, she would be well again in a few days.

Both husband and wife had a dinner engagement in the town for that evening. Mr. Carling proposed to write an apology, and remain with his wife. But she would not hear of his abandoning the party on her account. The doctor also recommended that his patient should be left to her maid's care, to fall asleep under the influence of the quieting medicine which he meant to give her. Yielding to this advice, Mr. Carling did his best to suppress his own anxieties, and went to the dinner-party.

Among the guests whom he met, was a gentleman named Rambert—a single man of large fortune, well known in the neighborhood of Penliddy as the owner of a noble country seat and the possessor of a magnificent library. Mr. Rambert (with whom Mr. Carling was well acquainted) greeted him at the dinner-party with friendly expressions of regret at the time that had elapsed since they had last seen each other; and mentioned that he had recently been adding to his collection of books some rare old volumes of theology, which he thought the rector might find it useful to look over. Mr. Carling, with the necessity of finishing his pamphlet uppermost in his mind, replied jestingly, that the species of literature which he was just then most interested in examining happened to be precisely of the sort which (accepting novels, perhaps) had least affinity to theological writing. The necessary explanation followed this avowal, as a matter of course; and, to Mr. Carling's great delight, his friend

turned on him gaily with the most surprising and satisfactory of answers:—

"You don't know half the resources of my miles of bookshelves," he said, "or you would never have thought of going to London for what you can get from me. A whole side of one of my rooms up-stairs is devoted to periodical literature. I have reviews, magazines, and three weekly newspapers, bound, in each case, from the first number; and, what is just now more to your purpose, I have the Times, for the last fifteen years, in huge half-yearly volumes. Give me the date to-night, and you shall have the volume you want by two o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

The necessary information was given at once; and, with a great sense of relief, so far as his literary anxieties were concerned, Mr. Carling went home early to see what the quieting medicine had done for his wife.

She had dozed a little; but had not slept.

However, she was evidently better; for she was able to take an interest in the sayings and doings at the dinner-party; and questioned her husband about the guests and the conversation, with all a woman's curiosity about the minutest matters. She lay with her face turned towards him, and her eyes meeting his, until the course of her inquiries drew an answer from him, which informed her of his fortunate discovery in relation to Mr. Rambert's library, and of the prospect it afforded of his resuming his labors the next day. When he mentioned this circumstance, she suddenly turned her head on the pillow, so that her face was hidden from him; and he could see through the counterpane that the shivering, which he had observed when her illness had seized her in the morning, had returned again.

"I am only cold," she said, in a hurried way, with her face under the clothes.

He rang for the maid, and had a fresh covering placed on the bed. Observing that she seemed unwilling to be disturbed, he did not remove the clothes from her face when he wished her good-night; but pressed his lips on her head, and patted it gently with his hand. She shrank at the touch, as if it had hurt her, light as it was; and he went down-stairs, resolved to send for the doctor again, if she did not get rest on being left quiet. In less than half-an-hour afterwards, the maid came down, and relieved his anxiety by reporting that her mistress was asleep.

The next morning he found her in better spirits. Her eyes, he said, felt too weak to bear the light; so she kept the bed-room darkened.

But, in other respects, she had little to complain of. After answering her husband's first inquiries, she questioned him about his plans for the day. He had letters to write which would occupy him until twelve o'clock. At two o'clock he expected the volume of the Times to arrive; and he should then devote the rest of the afternoon to his work. After hearing what his plans were, Mrs. Carling suggested that he should ride out after he had done his letters, so as to get some exercise at the fine part of the day; and she then reminded him that a longer time than usual had elapsed since he had been to see a certain old pensioner of his, who had nursed him as a child, and who was now bed-ridden in a village at some distance, called Tringewighton. Although the rector saw no immediate necessity for making this charitable visit, the more especially as the ride to the village and back, and the intermediate time devoted to gossip, would occupy him at least two hours and a half, he assented to his wife's proposal, perceiving that she urged it with unusual earnestness, and being unwilling to thwart her, even in a trifle, at a time when she was ill.

Accordingly, his horse was at the door at twelve precisely. Impatient to get back to the precious volume of the Times, he rode so much faster than usual, and so shortened his visit to the old woman, that he was home again by a quarter past two. Ascertaining from the servant who opened the door, that the volume had been left by Mr. Rambert's messenger, punctually at two, he ran up to his wife's room to tell her about his visit, before he descended himself for the rest of the afternoon over his work.

On entering the bed-room, he found it still darkened; and he was struck by smell of burnt paper in it. His wife (who was now dressed in her wrapper, and lying on the sofa) accounted for the smell, by telling him that she had fanned the room felt close, and that she had burnt some paper—being afraid of the cold air if she opened the window—to fumigate it. Her eyes were evidently still weak, for she kept her hand over them while she spoke. After remaining with her long enough to relate the few trivial events of his ride, Mr. Carling descended to his study, to occupy himself at last with the volume of the Times.

He lay on his table, in the shape of a large flat brown paper package. On proceeding to open the covering, he observed that it had been very carelessly tied up. The strings were crooked and loosely knotted; and the direction bearing his name and address, instead of being in the middle of the paper, was awkwardly folded over at the edge of the volume. However, his business was with the inside of the parcel; so he tossed away the covering and the string, and began at once to hunt through the volume for the particular number of the paper which he wished first to consult.

He soon found it, with the report of the speeches delivered by the members of the delegation, and the answer returned by the minister. After reading through the report, and putting a mark in the place where it occurred, he turned to the next day's number of the pa-

per, to see what further hints on the subject the letters addressed to the Editor might happen to contain.

To his inexpressible vexation and amazement, that one number of the paper was missing.

He bent the two sides of the volume back; looked closely between the leaves, and saw immediately that the missing number had been cut out.

A vague sense of something like alarm, began to mingle with his first feeling of disappointment. He wrote at once to Mr. Rambert, mentioning the discovery he had just made, and sent the note off by his groom, with orders to the man to wait for an answer.

The reply with which the servant returned was almost insolent in the shortness and coolness of its tone. Mr. Rambert had no books in his library which were not in perfect condition. The volume of the Times had left his house perfect; and whatever blame might attach to the mutilation of it rested therefore on other shoulders than those of the owner.

Like many other weak men, Mr. Carling was secretly touchy on the subject of his dignity. After reading the note, and questioning his servants, who were certain that the volume had not been touched till he had opened it, he resolved that the missing number of the Times should be procured at any expense, and inserted in its place; that the volume should be sent back instantly without a word of comment; and that perfecting of the mutilated volume which he had been so anxious to accomplish, had become objects of secondary importance in his mind. An inexplicable curiosity about the general contents of the paper was now the one moving influence which asserted itself within him. He spread open the broad sheet on the table.

The first page on which his eye fell, was the page on the right-hand side. It contained those very letters—in three in number—which he had once been so anxious to see. He tried to read them; but no effort could fix his wandering attention. He looked aside, to the opposite page, on the left hand. It was the page that contained the leading articles.

They were three in number. The first was on foreign politics; the second was a sarcastic commentary on a recent division in the House of Lords; the third was one of those articles on social subjects which have greatly and honorably helped to raise the reputation of the Times above all contest and all rivalry.

The lines in this third article which first caught his eye comprised the opening sentence of the second paragraph, and contained these words:—

It appears, from the narrative which will be found in another part of our columns, that this unfortunate woman married, in the spring of the year 18— one Mr. Fergus Duncan, of Glenard, in the Highlands of Scotland.

The letters swam and mingled together under his eyes, before he could go on to the next sentence. His wife exhibited as an object for public compassion in the Times newspaper! on the brink of the dreadful discovery that was advancing on him, his mind rested back; and a deadly faintness came over him. There was water on a side-table—rinsed himself—seized on the newspaper with both hands, as it had been a living thing that could feel the desperate resolution of his grasp—and read the article through, sentence by sentence, word by word.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE ASSURING TOPIC—CHRISTMAS BENEFACtORS
—A NEW PROJECT—HOW TO USE GUANO—THE
WINDS OF THE WIND—PEAKS OF DAME NATURE—THE
TRUTH OF TRADITIONS—OYSTERS
AND THEIR RIVALS—AN EXCITING GAME—A
FLYING VISIT—A ROYAL PRESENT—IMPERIAL
ROMPUS.

Paris, December 23, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:
Nothing, of course, is to be seen or heard of, at the present time, but the all absorbing *etres* now displaying their full-blown glories from one end of Paris to the other. These treasures of art and industry will not find their way into the hands for whom they are designed by the Fates that watch over human things, until the first day of the New Year; but postmen, laundresses, and water carriers are already in the field, begging that you "will not forget" their annual claims, and concierges and *bonnes* have put on that delightful urbanity of manner peculiar to the approach of the season of gifts. The bakers are getting ready their annual gratuity of bread to the poor; and the butchers are strongly urged by the local press to "do likewise;" though why the *sons* of public liberality should be laid more especially on these two classes of tradespeople rather than on the grocers, wine-sellers, poulterers, &c., it would be hard to say. Probably the fact that the butchers and bakers have hitherto formed close corporations, with certain privileges still clinging to them, may have led to the feeling that they owed something more to society than their brethren of other trades; but one of these corporations being now dissolved, and the other deprived, to a great extent, of its former privileges, there is really no more reason for the demand being made on them than on their neighbors. But France, being a land of routine, and butchers and bakers having been accustomed to bestow *bourses* on the poor in ancient times, it seems to be considered as a provision quite in the order of nature that they should come down handsomely every New Year's Day in behalf of the poor.

The great monied nabobs are sending in their usual presents for the destitute of the city.—Baron James de Rothschild, who gives away immense sums yearly to the poor of all denominations, has just made his usual annual donation of 75,000 lbs. of bread, to be divided among the needy of the twelve wards of Paris; and the brothers Pereire, the heads of the Credit Mobilier, also of Jewish blood, have sent in a magnificent donation of money to the Prefect of the Seine, to be distributed among the same class.

The Emperor and Empress have, as usual, opened their soup-kitchens, which are admirably managed by Sisters of Charity, and unquestionably do much good among the half-starving inhabitants of the poorer quarters.

The excessive dearth of the necessities of life is setting the wits of schemers to work with a view to alleviating the pressure thus caused. The latest of the propositions put forth on this subject, urges the adoption of the plan of *séchement* ready slaughtered to market, which, it is stated, has been adopted for some months past with success in New York. Minute directions are given with regard to the wagons in which the meat is to be sent from the country, the currents of air which are to be made to circulate through the meat by means of ice packed on the top of each vehicle, and the other precautions to be taken in order to insure the arrival of the meat, in a perfectly fresh condition, by railway. That the adoption of such a system would be an immense advantage to Paris, if practicable, may be inferred from the fact that the capital receives every year, 172,000 oxen, 40,000 cows, 118,000 calves, 1,200,000 sheep, and 113,000 pigs, all of which are now slaughtered in Paris, thus involving an immense additional expense that would be avoided by the conversion of the poor animals into "meat" prior to their being forwarded to the capital.

In connexion with the subject of food, it may be worth mentioning that some trials have been made at the Emperor's experimental farm near St. Cloud, to ascertain the influence of game on the production of oats; and that it appears that 10 or 12 kilogrammes, brought into a liquid state, and the seed dipped into it, produced as much effect as twice the quantity spread over the ground in the ordinary way, and then harrowed in.

The important subject of temperature and climate are also coming in for investigation by the scientific. M. Babinet, of the French Institute, who has for some years past indulged in occasional prognostications concerning the weather, has just published an explanation of the facts that led him to forecast a severe winter for the present year. He says that, although meteorology is still in its infancy, one fact has been established beyond a doubt, viz.: that the dominant wind of France, and of most of Europe is the south-west, which carries the warm air of France to Russia. The dominant wind being ascertained, it is an acknowledged fact in meteorology, that the next strongest, or the subdominant wind is the opposite one, viz.: the north-east; so that after the Franco-Russian current we may expect the Russian-French one, which will bring the cold of Russia over here. It generally blows at uncertain intervals between November and March, and seldom continues longer than three or four weeks without interruption. This change from the warmer to the colder current is owing to the sun being now in the opposite hemisphere. For several years the south-western wind has been predominant; but since last year the counter-current has given signs of re-appearance; and being unable to force the dominant current, it has made its way by a circuitous route through the whole of southern Europe, and been accordingly felt with great severity at Constantinople. Hence, he declares, there is every reason to believe that it will also visit France.

Investigations concerning climate do not, however, exclusively occupy the attention of this learned body. Dr. Laricher, at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, produced a curious specimen of anomalous formation, to wit: the body of a newborn kitten with three eyes and two tongues; also, in spirits, a human *rhinocerophalus*, a poor little infant monstrosity, in which the nose absorbs nearly the

whole of the face, the intermaxillary bones, together with the sockets of the front teeth, being attached to the nose, which is enormously developed as to constitute nearly the entire face. M. Dufosse, in a paper just addressed to the same body, shows that certain fishes, especially the *Lynx* or *Makrour*, and the *Hippocampus*, or Sea-horse pipe-fish, possess a peculiar sonorous organ on which they have the power of causing certain muscles to vibrate, thus producing sounds not unlike musical ones, which may be heard at a considerable distance. Thus are probably to be explained the stories of the mermen and syrens, whose songs were heard by mariners, and were believed to possess the power of luring their auditors down into the depths of the sea, where they were kept captive in the mysterious bowers of sea-plants, or in grottoes dazzling with jewels and pearls, inhalated by these half-human denizens of the waters.

But mermen and mermaids, whatever the splendors of their liquid abodes, could they rise to *terre ferme* and visit Paris just now, would find their estimate of the worth and rarity of their traditional jewels considerably diminished by a walk through the streets, and the inspection of the immense display of jewelry, of the most exquisite taste and workmanship, to be seen in the shop windows of the artistic and luxurious capital. And not only the "genuine" articles, as displayed by the great jewellers, would amaze their unsophisticated eyes; the "imitations," as shown by the first-rate dealers in this branch, would throw them into still greater amazement. The method by which sham diamonds, rubies, sapphires, &c., are made to blazon with a lustre and purity of "water" that deceive the most experienced eyes, have been divulged, but are too technical to interest the general reader; on the other hand, the making of pearls is easy as that of jewels is complicated. It appears that the scales of the bleak, possessing an iridescent lustre similar to that of pearls, are, by an ingenious process, reduced to a kind of paste, called *Essence de l'Orient*: small, hollow glass balls, imitating the various shapes and inequalities of pearls of the different classes, are coated inside with this paste, and then filled with white wax, and you have an assortment of pearls of every species, size, and shade, fully as beautiful as those produced by the oyster. A very remarkable result of pisciculture has recently obtained in the Department of the Meurthe, where the enormous weight of 67,000 lbs. of bleak was taken from a very small stream: the scales of these fish being destined for the use of the manufacturers of artificial pearls.

The demand for these favorite ornaments has also led to a curious experiment which has been going on for the last two years in one of the government establishments of pisciculture, where beds of the pearl oyster have been formed, into which have been introduced a quantity of the parasitic insects whose performances of the shells of the oysters are the provoking cause of the formation of the beautiful objects so highly prized by the human race. The success of this experiment has not yet been made public; but it may be doubted whether it will rival that of the Paris manufacturers.

Second only to the excitement of the *etres*, is the interest created by the great match now being played, at the Cafe de la Regence, between Mr. Murphy and Mr. Andersen, the famous chess-players begun two days ago, to the intense delight and excitement of all lovers of "the noble game" now in Paris. The latter, who is reputed to be the best player in Europe, arrived here a week ago, to measure strength with your victorious countryman; but Mr. Murphy being laid up with influenza, the struggle was necessarily deferred. Mr. Andersen therefore proposed to Mr. Harwitz to play a few games together, in order to try the other, each pointing out the merits of his boat, as our hackmen do of their coaches. Each hotel has a boat engaged, and between them all, it is enough to craze the brain of a weak minded traveller.

After reaching the Custom-House, where you are landed, the gentlemen have to visit an office which is partitioned off with iron bars, through which you have the privilege of receiving a landing permit in exchange for your passport, which the officer has taken from the boat. For this permit you pay two dollars. It matters not how much you have paid previously for your passports, that seems to be a matter between you and the Spanish Consul at whatever port you sail from; and the Cuban authorities pay no attention to it. The price of passports varies, depending altogether upon the Spanish Consul, this being one of their perquisites, they receiving no salary. Some of our friends starting from New Orleans, paid six dollars a piece, whether lady or gentleman; while my husband had his old European passport revised for two dollars, which let me go free. Unfortunately there were no ladies among us so favored as Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, who accompanied her husband on his late visit.

When the officer came on board for passport, she, with her beautiful face upraised, informed him they had no passport, when the officer gallantly replied,

"Madam, your face is sufficient passport. You are welcome to go to every part of the island."

The power of beauty is felt everywhere, but particularly in Cuba.

After getting permission to remove our baggage, we procured a vehicle to convey us to the American Hotel, kept by Mr. Wolcott. There were four of us seeking accommodations, but after riding three miles to Wolcott's, we could not procure rooms. We rode from place to place till three P. M., and then concluded to accept miserable accommodations. Meanwhile we had stopped at a cafe to luncheon, and although we ate but little, the bill was five dollars. When we left our carriage, if it might be honored with the name, we were told that fourteen dollars was the price far carrying us and our baggage around—our baggage had followed on a sort of dray. The gentleman protested against such a price, and finally paid eleven dollars, which we considered a pretty fair start with Havana prices.

Our ride over the city gave us a great deal of enjoyment. Everything was so novel, and we saw one large note of examination; and we said "oh!" so many times, the natives might have thought we were endeavoring to raise a whistle. Our American modesty we packed in our carpet bags, to be taken out after leaving

the Island; for few children under four years of age were clothed, except in nature's dress. Some few had holden or Swiss mall slips, and some, at least eight years old, were not burdened with any garment. We saw one little girl who was dressed for railroad travel, in a large straw hat, heavily trimmed with flowers, slippers, and a bobbin slip.

The principal carriage, which is called the "volante," has a body like a chaise—the two wheels and the heavy axle are behind, the wheel being as large as the "driving wheel" of a locomotive, and coming up almost to the top of the "volante." From the dasher is a curtain which buttons to the top of the volante, to protect the riders from sunshine or rain.

The horse is about six or eight feet from you. On him is a heavy saddle, quite as much as one of our "fancy" horses could carry. On the saddle sits a "colored postilion," equipped in white pants, blue jacket (with white and red trimmings), straw hat, and a sort of slipper with very heavy boot legs coming above the knee (adorned with silver buckles). Through the open straps of the slipper you see his unstockinged feet. He wears heavy plated spurs, as large in circumference as a Spanish dollar. Each horse has his tail braided close from the roots to the end, and tied to one side, which accounts, I think, for their general thin appearance—for the very idea of flies biting a horse, who has not even a "bob-tail" to brush them off with, is enough to make them thin.

Some "volantes" have two, some three horses attached to them. With three horses there are generally two riders; with two, the attendant rides the near horse, which being a half length ahead of the shaft horse, goes on a canter, while the other trots. Within, ladies or gentlemen, black or white, full dress or otherwise, and you have an idea of the Havana style of riding. But enough for the present; I will leave further impressions for my next.

A.

HANDSOME CHURCHES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Having left Savannah Sunday, the 19th instant, on board a steam "tug," we proceeded down the river to meet the steamship "Isabel" on her trip from Charleston to Havana. The wind was blowing fresh, and the waves running high, when the "Isabel" was in sight, which caused those on the "tug" to query, how we were to board the ship? But "time made manifest;" a small boat was lowered and sent to us, and though after coming alongside, it rose and fell ten or twelve feet, as it came on a level passengers and baggage took their turn in being *pitched* in. I being the only lady, felt called upon to support the dignity of my sex, and must have succeeded, as Lieutenant General Scott, who was on board the Isabel, said, "You were very courageous, madam, very courageous;" whereupon I pocketed the compliment to sustain me in future trials. For the benefit of other lady travellers, I would advise them never to undertake to board a steamer at sea, but go to the starting point. There is very little chance for a smooth sea, and I consider it unwise to undertake it. We were informed it was easily accomplished, but my experience has taught me otherwise.

The "Isabel" is a fine ship, and we made a good trip. We arrived at Key West on Tuesday, the 21st, at ten, P. M., where we landed General Scott. We are building a large fort there. I understood the population of Key West to be about three thousand, and "wrecking" is the only business. After leaving Key West there was a general rush to get into our berths before we got into "the Gulf," and those were fortunate who succeeded. The Gulf was very rough. We rolled and pitched all night, and a very miserable set of individuals appeared on deck Wednesday morning to get a sight of Cuba. The sea is rough to the very entrance of the harbor—the spray dashes up against the fort in perfect fury. Morro Castle on one side, and a smaller fort on the other, guard the entrance.

Once within the harbor, and every thing and individual assumes a new aspect. You realize at once you are no more in America. The steamers are not allowed to enter the harbor before the sunrise or after the sunset gun is fired from the Morro Castle, and a guard-boat lies just within the bay. In case the gulf is very rough, they will allow a vessel to come to the guard-boat, but not to pass, if it is after the given time. Neither is the steamer allowed to go to the wharf, but anchors out, and very soon a boat with awning, containing the health officer and carmen in uniform, comes up to the side of our steamer, and landing the officer, waits for him till he discovers the state of our health, whereupon he retires. Then in similar style comes an officer for passports, and then the Custom-House officers. Meanwhile, boats and boatmen come crowding around, jabbering Spanish, hauling, pushing and shoving each other, all soliciting to land you, each pointing out the merits of his boat, as our hackmen do of their coaches. Each hotel has a boat engaged, and between them all, it is enough to craze the brain of a weak minded traveller.

Once within the harbor, and every thing and individual assumes a new aspect. You realize at once you are no more in America. The steamers are not allowed to enter the harbor before the sunrise or after the sunset gun is fired from the Morro Castle, and a guard-boat lies just within the bay. In case the gulf is very rough, they will allow a vessel to come to the guard-boat, but not to pass, if it is after the given time. Neither is the steamer allowed to go to the wharf, but anchors out, and very soon a boat with awning, containing the health officer and carmen in uniform, comes up to the side of our steamer, and landing the officer, waits for him till he discovers the state of our health, whereupon he retires. Then in similar style comes an officer for passports, and then the Custom-House officers. Meanwhile, boats and boatmen come crowding around, jabbering Spanish, hauling, pushing and shoving each other, all soliciting to land you, each pointing out the merits of his boat, as our hackmen do of their coaches. Each hotel has a boat engaged, and between them all, it is enough to craze the brain of a weak minded traveller.

After reaching the Custom-House, where you are landed, the gentlemen have to visit an office which is partitioned off with iron bars, through which you have the privilege of receiving a landing permit in exchange for your passport, which the officer has taken from the boat.

For my part, if modern piety needs the stimulus of stained windows and cushioned pews to support it, I see no wickedness nor improvidence in administering it. There certainly was a beautiful degree of simplicity in our fathers' mode of worship—in the church in the woods, built always in close proximity to a pure, sparkling stream of water. There the down country people collected Sabbath after Sabbath, and after hitching their horses to a tree, grouped themselves about to discuss the doings of the week; the men enlarging upon the prospects for the wheat crop, or the ravages of the "Hessian fly," while the women, many of them with children in their arms, handled domestic subjects, until the minister made his appearance among them, and they all entered the church—the old church! with high round pulpit and sounding-board, with its bare floor and hard pine benches, distressingly hard, as the memory of many a long hour spent thereon enables me to testify. There long winded orthodoxy was disseminated in two sermons, and the regeneration between the two was apple pie.—Apple pie is indissolubly connected in my mind with the Shorter Catechism and Presbyterianism generally.

But to go back to my starting point. That form of worship was beautiful in its fitness and simplicity, but it would no more suit the present age than it would suit a fashionable lady to do the family washing. Purple and fine linen spread out upon dusty, turpentine benches. Fashionable ears to be agonized by that nasal-tongued clerk, with his pitch pipe! No; give us churches to suit the times, with sufficient beauty of design and finish, not to offend the eye, and you have a good church.

Arguably, arguments are the salt of life, but as salt is good at a pinch, and not in buckets full, so you should not argue over much.

Dean Swift, hearing of a carpenter failing through the scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, dryly remarked that he liked to see a mechanic go through his work promptly.

Coldness, and absence of heat and kindness, indicate fine qualities. A gentleman

smiles, a smile of hate, a smile of indifference, a smile of approbation, a friendly smile; but, above all, a smile of love. A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy—the smile that accepts the lover before the words are uttered, and the smile that lights up the face of the first born baby, and assures him of a mother's love.—Haliburton.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT I GAVE MY WIFE FOR A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.—I presume there would be some little disappointment if I omitted to inform my readers, after making their participation in my search after a pertinent New Year's gift for my wife, what I really did give her as a souvenir of my continued, unfailing and ever-increasing affection. During the past week I have been

so busy trying to find something which would be acceptable, and on New Year's Day

I went to my place of business a very cold

and a very unhappy man. It was quite late when I reached my desk, which was covered with letters and notes, and in hopes that each contained a remittance, I began to open them rapidly. Letter No. 1 contained a bill for dry goods; letter No. 2 a bill for bonnets; letter No. 3 a bill for shoes, and over thirty out of sixty-one were gentle reminders that little ones will wear out clothes, that a wife requires garments, and that a household has its expenses. Some husbands, no doubt, have grown in worldly to-day from these same partricular afflictions, but there is a philosophy of life which is applicable even to bills. I thought how much larger they might have been. I rubbed my hands with delight when I saw that the doctor's bill was only \$15, and the law bill, which was large, was only indicative of the general health of the family. At this moment a happy thought struck me. I filled the bill neatly, put the names of the persons to whom they were due, with the amounts, on the backs, and having made a very neat package, I enclosed a check for the sum total, and sent it home with this inscription—

MY WIFE'S NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

January 1, 1859.

—*Shakespeare.*

THE MINNIE PRINCE.—Young Prince Alfred, of England, having chosen to enter the naval service, has recently made his first voyage as "midship," and has received royal receptions and other welcome demonstrations at various ports where the ship in which he sailed has touched. The English press takes up no time in such honors being paid to one as handsome as a midship. The London Times expresses its desire that the Prince, instead of being a strange compound of "Mr. Midshipman Easy" and of the princely hero of a "Court Circular," should become a skillful and self-reliant seaman; and adds—"He was sent out to be trained to sail water, and it is upon raw water that his first lesson in navigation is taking place. What a young midship to do with royal receptions and royal salutes and royal battle-fishes of every description!" If he be created from the first as the Queen's son, and not as a midshipman of the *Fury*, he may be nominally promoted in the service as an incident of his birth, but he will never be fit to take the royal yacht across from Portsmouth to Osborne with a real sailor at his elbow."

THE CINCINNATI HERITAGE.—The Chicago Tribune says the name of the young lady who proves to be heir to an immense fortune is Lydia R. Schuyler, and not Mary. Her uncle died in England, leaving wealthy parents in the west of England. The amount of the estate is not, of course, known, but will probably prove a splendid legacy. Miss Schuyler herself, the intelligence of her good fortune in a modest and becoming manner, and continues to fulfill her duties as a seamstress, as if the event was not of the least importance to her.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

THE FRENCH AND AUSTRIAN TROUBLE—A CRISIS IN ITALY—FUGUE DEPRESSED, &c.

The Europa, at New York on the 22d, brings advice to the 8th—three days later.

The Emperor Napoleon's remark to the Austrian Minister still exercised a depressing effect, notwithstanding the soothing efforts of the *Moderator*, the Emperor's official organ.

The advices from Italy indicate a rapidly approaching crisis.

The Paris Bourse at one time had declined

21 since the new year, but was now improving.

On the 7th inst., the *Paris Moniteur* publishes the following paragraph:

"For several days public opinion has been agitated by alarming reports, which it is the duty of the Government to put a stop to by declaring that nothing in the diplomatic relations authorizes the fears which these reports tend to provoke."

COUSIN JOHN'S PROPERTY.

(CONCLUDED.)

A STORY OF SUDDEN WEALTH.

Sam was sent to school, and Mr. Simpson, after one or two further interviews with the Masters, Grindles, went down, by advice of those gentlemen, and in company with the junior of the firm, to Barton End; not, of course, as yet to take possession, but from a very natural wish to renew at once his acquaintance with the old place of which he was soon to be the actual master, and to inform the old servants, who had been left in charge, of his cousin's death, and his own succession.

It had been Mrs. Simpson's wish to have accompanied her husband on this pleasant voyage of discovery, but that was a step which he himself by no means approved of; and as the Masters, Grindles, gave it also as their opinion that such a visit would be rather premature—in fact, that it would hardly look well—that lady, who was a staunch maintainer of decorum in all its branches, gave way at once. And if her proposal, in any degree, savored of undue haste to step into the dead cousin's shoes, she hastened amply to stonewall it, by ordering the deepest and most expensive mourning for the whole Portland Terrace establishment. It would no doubt have gratified the feelings of the late Mr. John in the highest degree, and have almost reconciled him to his fortunate representatives, if he could have overlooked his sorrowing relatives giving directions to her milliner to have "everything of the very best, and just as it was for a brother," and have felt the thickness of the silks, and measured the depth of the crepe.

So leaving Mrs. Simpson thus dutifully engaged, her husband went down into Surrey with the junior Mr. Grindle in his dog-cart.

"Dinner will be ready in half an hour, gentlemen," said the old man who had ushered them in.

"And we shall be quite ready for it," said the lawyer; Mr. Simpson not being prepared with a reply.

Matters were not nearly so comfortable in Portland Terrace. It so happened that the very evening of Mr. Simpson's departure, George Harrison had run down, in more than his usually joyous spirits, with a little good news of his own for Mary. The long hoped-for augmentation of his salary had come at last. The uncle who had taken him into his counting-house—and who was his guardian, for George had lost his father—was a strict man, and somewhat eccentric in his ways, but very just. He had a large family of his own, and though the business was extensive and lucrative, it had always been well understood that George must entertain no expectations of future partnership, as that would be the son's inheritance. Two of them were clerks in the counting-house, and the father kept them as strictly to their desks, or rather more strictly, than any one else in the establishment. George Harrison might consider himself fortunate in occupying the position he did, which was independent and respectable; and perhaps he was even still more fortunate in having to work his own way under eyes which were not easily cheated or evaded, and where no mercy was shown to any wilful neglect. He did his best; and though his uncle had never done more than express himself as quite satisfied, he found that when a fair opportunity offered of advancing him, he was not forgotten. His cousins would no doubt in time become members of the firm, but they were young; and George found himself now promoted to a vacancy which the father knew he was at present much better qualified to fill. It offered but a very modest income to marry upon, certainly, but Mary had no grand ideas; and George thought that even the *Times'* minimum income for young couples would bear reduction. At any rate he ran down to Portland Terrace (eager as he was, not a sixpence would he waste in cab-hire), and rushed in very wet and very happy to rejoice and consult with Mary. Mrs. Simpson was in her own room, very busy with the dressmaker: Augusta, who was a good natured girl enough, and very fond of her sister, and willing also no doubt to do as she would be done by, found she had something to look after in the kitchen; though her conscience smote her afterwards for weakly allowing her feelings to interfere with her duty, having fully adopted her mother's views, at a conference held the evening before, that it would be a thousand pities now, when Mary might do so well, and form an undesirable connection, "to your advantage, you know, my dear, as well," said the thoughtful mother, "for her to go and throw herself away upon that young Harrison." The coast being clear, however, Mary and her lover had a good three-quarters of an hour to themselves before Mrs. Simpson knew he was in the house; and how much may be said and done in three-quarters of an hour judiciously employed! On the stage, a whole *petite comédie*, comprehending at least two pairs of lovers, and their fortunes, is performed with in the time; in real life, all that is worth remembering in the long dull drama of existence, for either man or woman, is often played out in less; the rest of it—scenes, characters, and dialogue—may be all cut out without destroying the interest, if not with advantage to the lookers-on. But for the two young hearts now beating near each other (very near indeed it was) in Mrs. Simpson's parlor, though without her sanction, the grand act of life had been played already, long since; it was only the winding-up of the piece which they had to settle, and that was soon done. If Mary didn't think it too little to live upon, why, George didn't. If George thought they could manage, then Mary was sure they could. In a meeting so unanimous, the resolutions do not require much discussion. The arguments are admitted on both sides; or rather, both sides are one. If any unpleasant suggestion—one of the prudence party—intrudes itself, the course is obvious—"turn him out." What means freedom of discussion on such subjects? indeed on any subject—except freedom to discuss it as much and as little as you like? Then she told him—and was glad she had not told him before—of the possibility that she might have "a little something" too. Papa would not let her come to him quite penniless now; and some

day or other—perhaps when they most wanted it, "for their children," in her pure innocence she said—he might—she was sure he would—do all he fairly could for her. And George was almost angry with her for having anything to promise him besides herself.

Three-quarters of an hour was it? why it did not seem five minutes. (Augusta thought the clock had stopped, for the kitchen fire was low, and Betsy was snappish, and not so much inclined for gossip as usual; her young man was waiting at the area steps, which accounted for a low whistling every five minutes, startling Augusta. Betsy said the cat had a cold.) Three-quarters of an hour it was though, neither more nor less, and George must go; couldn't even stay supper as usual; he would have more work to do now, and there was something to be attended to that very night: he "had rather go," and Mary did not ask him to stay. So the mischief was done, and George Harrison half-way home to his humble lodgings, before Mrs. Simpson descended to supper. She was in a belligerent mood, for the new gown fitted admirably, and being what the dreammaker called "rather jolly"—which only implies that in politer language is called well developed proportions—she was conscious that she looked well in black. Even the announcement which Mary very innocently made at supper-time, that George had been there, neither spoilt her temper nor her appetite; he was gone again, that was a comfort; but she would lose no time in having a talk with Mary. So when she had finished her moderate glass of rum-and-water, she was not sorry to see her younger daughter (who had not spent a satisfactory evening on the whole, having sat for what seemed to her an unconscious time in the dark with the cross Betsy and an uneasy conscience) take up her candlestick with a yawn, and proceed to bed. Mary, too, had something to say. It was with some little misgiving—more certainly than she should have felt a fortnight back—that she told her mother of George's advancement, and how he had now taken courage actually to speak about their marriage. She did not feel quite sure, when she recalled certain hints and side-speeches (Mrs. Simpson was great in that line) addressed during the last few days rather to Augusta than herself, about hasty engagements, and impudent marriages, and the duty of paying due regard to the station in which people were placed, whether what she had to tell would be received quite as she could wish. While George was with her, she had seen no difficulty in the way; but now, alone with her mother, all her joy and confidence were gone. But if she spoke hesitatingly, and anticipating a somewhat colder reception for her confession than the good-humored banter which she had grown accustomed to on the same subject, little indeed was she prepared for the storm of anger which burst upon her. Never had Mrs. Simpson been so angry. She was provoked with herself for having delayed her lecture to her elder daughter so long; angry with the whole household for having been accomplices in securing that important three-quarters of an hour for George and Mary's conspiracy against her; angry with the dreammaker for having come at that particular crisis—an hour behind her appointment—she must have done it on purpose, and angry beyond measure with George Harrison for having out-generalled her cherished plans by a little straightforward dealing. She had trusted more to the hope of disgusting him in time by a careful system of cold receptions, and change of manner, than to any positive effect which she expected to produce upon her daughter by any hints of her improved value in the matrimonial market, or direct exhortations to make the most of her new position. George, she knew, had an honest and independent spirit; once let him feel that he was suspected of pressing his suit now because there was money in the case, and however unreasonable the accusation, his pride might take offence. Then she might go into the country, out of his way; and so in time, this unlucky love might go the way of many others, become one more of those little sacrifices laid upon the altar of wealth and pride—rites in the estimation of a prudent public, but sometimes to the offerers more costly than "all their living"—and be gradually reduced, with hymns and litanies from Mrs. Simpson, as high priestess, to ashes.

So at first, even now, instead of attacking Mary she began by opening fire upon George. It was a mistake, Mrs. Simpson, and as a woman you ought to have known it. In a calmer mood, you would never have made a first move so utterly destructive of your game. Mary might have taken a good amount of scolding for herself quietly; however cruel and unmerciful she might have felt her mother's conduct to be, a few gentle exhortations and a bitter flood of tears would have been her only reply that evening. Mary and her mother might have fewer interests and feelings in common than was good for either; but there had never yet been injustice on one side, or any lack of dutiful affection on the other. But when Mrs. Simpson paused for breath after an alternation of violent abuse and attempted sarcasm against George Harrison as "a low, mercenary creature," having declared her own belief that this opportune increase of his salary was nothing but a "move" got up between himself and his uncle in order to nail the Simpons to the point at once, she saw that Mary, though she trembled very much, had risen from her seat, and was looking at her with a very calm and composed countenance, on which there was no symptom of a tear.

"Mother!" said the girl, "you don't mean that of George!"

Mrs. Simpson did not mean it, in her heart; but she had meant to say it, and had said it; and she said it again, more violently than ever, because she felt its untruth.

"Mother!" and she laid her hand quietly on her arm, "don't say any more. If you never meant me to marry him, you should have spoken before. It's too late now, for either of us. We can't go back. Oh, that this miserable money had never come between us!" For Mary saw it all now.

"You've been took in, Mary; took in by a swindler, as I may say. If I were you, I'd have more spirit, that I would."

Spirit! it was not spirit which poor Mary

wanted just then. She wanted patience, which is harder to find. If the mother had never understood her daughter before, she had unlocked some startling secrets now. In the usually calm, sweet face, now flashing crimson, and then changing to dead white, there was neither maiden shame nor girlish fear of her mother's anger, but burning indignation, and fixed defiance. Mrs. Simpson was not a wise woman, even in a worldly sense; she understood the symptoms, she was frightened, but she was not to be mastered by her own daughter, in her own house. She was undeniably right, and like many other persons when undeniably right, she was wrong.

"Say what you will of me, mother, and I'll bear it, if I can; but don't dare to slander him!"

"Dare! hey-day! I'll dare him to come inside my doors again, that's what I will!"

"There shall be no need, mother; I can go to him."

Both had said a good deal more now than they had meant to say. Mary's was one of those quiet answers which rather increase wrath than turn it away. Her mother's indignation stifled her words. She could only gasp out something like, "Very well, ma'am—very well!" when Mary rushed up stairs to her room, and sat down in an agony of wounded feeling, to which even a flood of tears brought no relief. It was all so sudden, so little deserved! and all because of a little money! But though she never slept that night, she lay very still and quiet, and never disturbed her sister. She had no one there who understood her, none to whom to open her grief. But her resolution was taken; and long before the family breakfast-hour she had dressed hastily, packed up quietly a few absolute necessities out of her wardrobe, and taking them in her own hand, leaving Betsy in wide astonishment as she glided by her in the passage, she had reached the nearest cab-station, and asked to be driven to her aunt's Brixton.

Aunt Martha, she thought, would give her sympathy at all events, and a little counsel for the actual present. For the future, she meant to ask no one's counsel but George's. If he would take her to him, there she was; never so wretched and miserable as now, to be sure, but never so much needing the love and care which he had so often promised. She was not ashamed of her love for him now; he had been wronged, insulted. She did not consider it was only the senseless violence of an angry woman; she would scarcely have minded rushing in to him in his uncle's presence, and crying—

"George, here I am! pity me and love me, no one else will, because I love you."

She hardly knew how she got into her aunt's pretty sitting-room. She did not understand the servant, till she had told her twice that her aunt was gone from home.

"Yes, Miss, gone to nurse old Mrs. Manson for two or three days, while her niece is away. Old Mrs. Manson's very bad, I do suppose, Miss."

Well, she must sit down at least, and calm herself. She would write to George at once. But what to say? When could sorrow, shame, and outraged feelings ever shape themselves into the letters of any discovered alphabet?

She wrote and tried to read what she had written, and tore it into fragments. She bent her aching head upon her hands, and waited for the troubled thoughts to still themselves. But they would not. Then she rose and went to the window that looked out into the road. But what a merciful ordering it is, that the most trifling outward object catches the eye at such moments, and delivers us for a instant from ourselves! A coach was passing towards the great city. It was a gentle ascent, and at the moment a boy with a very small bundle let himself gently down from behind. Not so quickly though, but that the watchful driver caught sight of him when he reached the ground.

"Hello, young chap!" he shouted, "fare a shilling, if you please!"

"All right, coachman, all right!" and the boy ran off as fast as his legs would carry him.

"All right! I'm blest if it is thought!—think you're going to ride all the way from Croxley?"

The driver pulled up his horses, and looked after his flying "fare" for a few seconds, as if he had a great mind to get down from his box and give chase; but as the boy was active and had a fair start, and time was probably valuable, he shouted a few good-humored threats after him, and drove on.

Mary had looked after him, too, with such utter astonishment that her own troubles were forgotten. Her eyes had tears in them, to be sure; but there was no mistaking the personal identity of Master Samuel. She flew to the street door, and could just see his figure in the distance. The coach turned the corner in the opposite direction, and then the boy appeared to stop, and to be watching whether any one was coming in pursuit. He began slowly to retrace his steps towards the door where Mary was standing, and Mary hardly waited for him to be within reasonable distance to wave her handkerchief in the hope of attracting his attention. The movement seemed rather a suspicious one to the fugitive, for he halted and reconnoitred afresh. Mary ran to ward him, unbuttoned as she was, and at last Samuel recognized a friend. He was hurried into the house, and questioned as well as his sister's agitation would allow her.

Samuel had run away from school.

"I ain't going to black Binns's boots, nor spend all my money in buying paunches to feed his dog, nor have nuts cracked on my head with Vandy's dictionary, nor have my tea stirred with a tallow candle, nor be locked up on a half-day. I cut away this morning—me and another did."

"Where was he going to now?" Mary asked.

"Well, I was coming here first, to see what aunt Martha's say, and then I'm going home to mother. I rode all the way from Croxley here, you see, but I hadn't got a sixpence—"

Vandy said he'd skin me if I didn't lead him all I had left, so I jumped off by here, you see,

without paying; didn't I manage it prime?"

What'll mother say, do you think, Mary?"

Mary could have told him that Mrs. Simpson

was not likely at present to give him a very warm welcome. But a sudden thought had struck her. She would take Samuel with her—even he was a sort of protection, and a fellow culprit—and go down at once to her father at Barton End. She would tell him everything, and follow his advice faithfully, for he would never urge her to give up George.

Samuel was delighted with the proposal: Mrs. Simpson's moods were uncertain with all her family; and it was quite a matter of speculation with him during his flight, whether she would kiss and pity him on his arrival, or send him to bed in preparation for the early coach back to the hated school in the morning. And to go down to Barton End—it was worth running away for, even if the master flogged him (he couldn't think Vandy really meant to skin him) when he was sent back. The old pony might be living in the park still, possibly. Of course he should like to go to Barton End.

It was ascertained upon inquiry that a coach would pass in the afternoon, which would set down Mary and her brother soon after dark within a mile of the house. Samuel was in terror lest the coachman should be his old acquaintance of the morning; but even he should be propitiated, Mary assured him, by a early shilling. The boy's company had already done her good. She listened to all his school troubles, and promised that if he went back, and was a good boy, the absolute power of Binns and Vandy should be modified. It was strange, Mary thought, that even these boys should begin thus early to torment each other; she wondered whether there was any happiness anywhere in this world! Samuel was ravenously hungry, having run away without his breakfast, which reminded Mary that she had done the same; appetite is very infectious, and she was inclined to his example for not refusing entirely, as she felt very much disposed to do, the extempore luncheon which aunt Martha's maid was quite ashamed of, but which Master Simpson pronounced to be prime. Mary wrote a hasty note to Augusta, to say she was gone to her father, and rather longer ones, not nearly so intelligible, to George and to her aunt, and took her seat in the coach with a sinking heart. It was a miserable journey this look-for visit to Barton End; she dreaded the very sight of it. What would her poor father say? Mary had never given him one moment's trouble. He had been fond of saying so to her when they were alone; she was his heart's pride and delight. He would think her right, she was sure; but must she be the wretched instrument of breaking up all his family happiness? Still, she never hesitated or repented for one instant. She must be true to George. She would never have suffered herself to think of him; would have smothered her first feelings towards him as she might, had either father or mother forbidden their intimacy; would give him up even now, if he was—what he had been called that morning: so she stepped out in the dark evening on the strange road where the turn to Barton was, with a weak and tottering step, but with as strong a heart as when she had said to her mother, "I can go to him."

It was a long, lonely mile to Barton End, but a straight road, the coachman had said, and she had famous company. For Samuel had begged to go outside, and for the last few miles had sat on the box, had heard wondrous tales of horses, and taken the coachman into his confidence as to his running away, and informed him of his prospective ownership of Barton End, and, in short, talked in such magnificent style as must have abashed Binns & Co. forever, could they but have heard him. But he was very quiet now—partly from some misgivings as to the meeting with his father, and partly because Mary clasped his hand so tight, and trembled so, and walked so very fast, and then stopped for breath, that Samuel was rather frightened. He little knew that in the eyes of the world, poor Mary was by far the greatest culprit of the two. He began again at this last moment, as he had done before during the day, to enlist her on his side against the offended powers.

"Let go my coat-tails, sir. (Sam had fastened on him in his agony.) "What's the matter with the boy? don't howl in that way, go to your father, d'ye hear? Sorry to keep you waiting, I'm sure," said the lawyer, again addressing the door with a bitter politeness; for either the old servant was slow, or the new visitor impatient, and there was another peal along the passage. Sam was under the hall table now. The old servant came across the hall, looking sorer than ever.

"More company, Zachary," said Mr. Grindle; "are your beds all aired?" Zachary's face might have expressed disgust, but that was its usual expression, and he was too much afraid of the lawyer to reply, or, perhaps, too indolent.

He opened the door, however, and a tall, young man inquired for Mr. Joseph Simpson.

"Your name, sir, if you please," said Zachary. It must have been a great satisfaction to him to answer by a counter-question, for the gentleman was evidently impatient.

"Mr. Harrison."

Zachary vouchsafed no verbal answer, but allowed him to walk in. George caught sight of Mr. Grindle as he was retreating, and addressed his next question to him.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you no doubt can tell me—she is Mary—is Miss Simpson here with her father?"

"Well," said the lawyer, after taking a rapid survey of his questioner, which appeared satisfactory, for there was something less of irritation in his tone, "I think I may say she is. Has she run away?"

"Sir!" said George, springing up.

"Oh! no offence, I beseech you; but really the family movements are rather puzzling. You see this young gentleman—eh? what's become of him now?"

Reassured by George Harrison's well-known voice, Samuel took courage to emerge from under the table.

George looked, if possible, more puzzled than Mr. Grindle. "Well," said the latter, in a tone that implied he gave the thing up altogether—"I think I'll go to bed—give me a candle, Zachary. You'll find Mr. Simpson in there."

Mary had laid all her griefs before her father. Her mother's violence was not so overwhelming to him as it had been to her. He was more readily vexed, though he did not say so, at Mary's imprudent step than at his wife's foolish language; a few hasty words more or less would have made very little impression upon good-humored Mr. Simpson. But he was not in love, had not heard blasphemy spoken against his idol, as poor Mary had. He soothed and comforted her as well as he could, though he was sadly at a loss for words; it would all come right by-and-by. At all events Mary and George had his consent, and they must be patient; but he ended by wishing with her that cousin John's property had gone somewhere else. "We wasn't rich, Mary, but we was very comfortable as we was."

"Oh, yes, dear father, oh, yes!" and Mary began to sob again, though the tears were not bitter; when she started at the sound of a voice and a step in the hall, and grew as pale again as marble. Why was it, that when George entered the room, she turned from him and hid her face on her father's shoulder, instead of flying into his arms for shelter as she had longed to do a few hours ago?

He had left

KING COAL.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul:
"I'll move the world," quoth he;
"My England's high, and rich and great,
But greater she shall be!"
And he called for the pick, and he called for the
spade.
And he called for his miners bold:
"And it's dig," he said, "in the deep, deep earth,
You'll find my treasures better worth
Than mines of Indian gold."

II.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul,
Yet not content was he;
And he said, "I've found what I desired,
Though 'tis but one of three."
And he called for water, and he called for fire,
For smiths and workmen true:
"Come, build me engines great and strong;
We'll have," quoth he, "a change ere long;
We'll try what steam can do."

III.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul:
"Tis fairly done," quoth he,
When he saw the myriad wheels at work
O'er all the land and sea.
They spied the bones and strength of men,
They hammered, wove, and spun:
There's nought too great, too mean, or small,
The giant STEAM had power for all:
His task was never done.

IV.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul:
Quoth he, "We travel slow;
I should like to roam the wide world round
As fast as the wild winds blow."
And he called for his skillful engineers:
And soon through hills and vales,
O'er rivers wide, through tunnels vast,
The flying trains like lightning passed;
On the ribs of the mighty rails.

V.

Old King Coal was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul is he;
May he never fail in the land we love,
Who has made us great and free.
While his miners mine, and his engines work,
Through all our happy land,
We shall flourish fair in the morning light,
And our name and our fame, and our might and
our right.
In the front of the world shall stand.

THE ROCK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THREE KINDS OF FOLLY," &c.

CHAPTER II.

The rejoicings at the christening of an heir to the godly estate of the Rock were beginning to die away in neighboring ears. The bonfires were burnt out, the ashes of the fireworks scattered to the far winds, the tenants and laborers had digested the dinner and the drink, and things had quietly settled down again. Such rejoicings! both in-doors and out; and all because a poor little infant had come into this world of trouble.

Legally speaking, he was not born the heir; for the estate was not entailed, and Mr. Canterbury could bequeath it to whom he would. Little danger, though, that he would leave it away from this child of his old age; no urchin, playing at soldiers in a sword and feather bought at the fair, was ever half so glorious as was Mr. Canterbury over this new baby.

About the time of Mr. Canterbury's marriage, a new rector had been appointed to the village living: the Honorable and Reverend Austin Rufort. He was a man of some five-and-thirty years, good-looking, pleasant, companionable, and an attachment had sprung up between him and Jane Canterbury. His father, Lord Rufort, had not objected to the match, though he told his son he might have done better, in point of family. Austin laughed; his reverence for rank was not so extreme as his father's.

It was a fine night in October. The rejoicings, we say, which had kept the place alive, had died away, and Mr. Rufort was spending the evening with the Misses Canterbury in their little house; to maintain which their father allowed them fifteen hundred a year. They had drawn away from the lights to collect round the large French window of the drawing-room, which opened to the ground, and admire the beauty of the night, so calm and still in the clear moonlight. It was time for Mr. Rufort to be leaving.

"I will go out this way, as I am here," he observed, opening the half of the window, when he had shaken hands with them.

"But your hat," said Miss Canterbury, "Ring, Millicent."

"Do not ring; I have it here," he interposed, taking from his pocket a cloth cap, doubled up into a small compass. "There," said he, exhibiting it on his hand for their inspection, "what do you think of it? I call it my weather cap. If I am fetched out at night, I put on this, tie its ears over my ears, and so def wind and rain."

"You had no wind or rain to-night," said Millicent, the youngest of the sisters.

"No. But in coming out I could not find my hat. It is a failing of mine, that of losing my things in all corners of the house; I sadly want somebody to keep me in order," he added, looking at Jane. "Well, good night. Jane, you may as well come and open the gate for me."

Jane glanced at Olive, as she would have glanced at mother. Mrs. Canterbury had been regarded by the others almost in the light of one. Mr. Rufort held the glass door wide for her, and she stepped on to the gravel path; then closed the window, and held out his arm. Jane finished tying her pocket handkerchief round her throat, and took it. He walked bare-headed.

"Put on your cap, Austin."

"All in good time," he replied.

"You will take cold."

"Cold, Jane! A clergyman is not fit for his

work if he cannot stand for an hour with his head uncovered in bad weather—and to-night is fine. If you saw the model of a guy this elegant cap makes of me and my beauty, you might take it into your head not to have me."

Jane smiled; her own quiet, confiding smile; and Mr. Rufort looked at her, and drew her arm closer against his side.

"Jane, I had a selfish motive in bringing you out with me. It was to tell you that the rectory wants a mistress, and the parish wants a mistress, and I want one. We cannot get along without."

"Your predecessor had—wife, Jane was going to say, but stopped herself ere the word fell. "The rectory and the parish had no mistress in his time," she resumed, framing her answer more to her satisfaction, "and he got along, Austin."

"After a fashion. A miserable fashion it must have been. That's one cause why they have tumbled into their present state. I don't mean to let them be without one long."

"Here we are at the gate," said Jane. "And now I must go back, or Olive will be calling to me. She is watching me from the window, I am sure, to see that I don't linger."

"Not she. She knows you are safe with me."

"Yes she is; she is always fancying we shall take cold."

"You take cold—I declare I forgot that. I beg your pardon for my thoughtlessness, Jane. Well, then, I will not keep you now, but I shall have my say out to-morrow."

He threw his arm round her waist with a quick movement, and drew her behind the shrubbery which skirted the gate, so that they were beyond the view of the house.

"Jane, my darling," he murmured, as he imprinted kiss after kiss upon her unresisting face, "I need have you before Christmas. Think it over."

"As you will," she softly answered.

"Oh, my gracious!" groans somebody, "what a clergyman?" As if clergymen were different from other people!

His kisses came to an end; he released Jane; and, opening the gate, swung through it, and took the path which led to the rectory. Jane stood a moment to watch him; she saw him put on his "guy of a cap;" she saw him turn and nod to her in the moonlight; and she clasped her hands together with a movement of happy thankfulness, thinking how very much she loved him. Olive tapped at the window, and Jane ran in.

The following afternoon, all three of the young ladies were returning home from the village. In crossing the Rock-field, as it was called, they saw Mr. Rufort advancing towards them.

"How serious he looks!" suddenly exclaimed Millicent.

"He has been vexed with some parish business or other," surmised Olive. "Though it must be more than a trifle to affect Mr. Rufort, I must say, Jane, you will have a good-tempered husband; if he has no other praiseworthy quality."

"I think he has a great many others," returned Jane, in her quiet way; and Olive laughed.

"Oh, Olive," was the reply of Leta—a fond name for Millicent—"I don't fully understand what it is! It is something about papa!"

"That Mr. Carlton has been telling you?" quickly rejoined Olive.

"He was going along in his pony-gig just as I got to the stile, and he left it and came and spoke to me. 'My dear,' he began, 'tell your sisters that I have refused to act, for I never will have a hand in robbing them of their papa!'

"(to on,) somewhat impatiently cried Olive, when Millicent stopped.

"Robbing us of our money, Mr. Carlton?" I asked.

"To give your money to others and turn you out penniless is no better than a robbery," he went on, as he did not hear me; "therefore, I have told my old friend Canterbury that he must get somebody else to help him in his injustice, for I won't. Tell your sisters this, my dear; and tell them that if they should be deprived of their rights, they shall come to the Hall and be my daughters!"

"Was this all?" asked Olive.

"All. He had to run back to the pony,

which would not stand, and I came to—

What can it mean, Olive?" Does papa wish to take our income from us, and turn us out of this house, as he did out of our own?"

"No," answered Olive, throwing back her neck—it was a way of her when she felt indignant—"papa will not go to those lengths, I think. It is a preposterous story, altogether, and some busy inventor must have set it at work. Poor Mr. Carlton swallows everything, true or false. Why, Millicent, you could have contradicted it on the spot; was not papa with us this morning, kind as ever?"

"What was this all?" asked Olive.

"All. He had to run back to the pony,

which would not stand, and I came and

speak to me. 'My dear,' he began, 'tell your

sisters that I have refused to act, for I never

will have a hand in robbing them of their

papa!'

"(to on,) somewhat impatiently cried Olive,

when Millicent stopped.

"Robbing us of our money, Mr. Carlton?" I asked.

"To give your money to others and turn

you out penniless is no better than a robbery," he went on, as he did not hear me; "therefore, I have told my old friend Canterbury that he must get somebody else to help him in his injustice, for I won't. Tell your sisters this, my dear; and tell them that if they should be deprived of their rights, they shall come to the Hall and be my daughters!"

"Was this all?" asked Olive.

"All. He had to run back to the pony,

which would not stand, and I came and

speak to me. 'My dear,' he began, 'tell your

sisters that I have refused to act, for I never

will have a hand in robbing them of their

papa!'

"(to on,) somewhat impatiently cried Olive,

when Millicent stopped.

"Robbing us of our money, Mr. Carlton?" I asked.

"To give your money to others and turn

you out penniless is no better than a robbery," he went on, as he did not hear me; "therefore, I have told my old friend Canterbury that he must get somebody else to help him in his injustice, for I won't. Tell your sisters this, my dear; and tell them that if they should be deprived of their rights, they shall come to the Hall and be my daughters!"

"Was this all?" asked Olive.

"All. He had to run back to the pony,

which would not stand, and I came and

speak to me. 'My dear,' he began, 'tell your

sisters that I have refused to act, for I never

will have a hand in robbing them of their

papa!'

"(to on,) somewhat impatiently cried Olive,

when Millicent stopped.

"Robbing us of our money, Mr. Carlton?" I asked.

"To give your money to others and turn

you out penniless is no better than a robbery," he went on, as he did not hear me; "therefore, I have told my old friend Canterbury that he must get somebody else to help him in his injustice, for I won't. Tell your sisters this, my dear; and tell them that if they should be deprived of their rights, they shall come to the Hall and be my daughters!"

"Was this all?" asked Olive.

"All. He had to run back to the pony,

which would not stand, and I came and

speak to me. 'My dear,' he began, 'tell your

sisters that I have refused to act, for I never

will have a hand in robbing them of their

papa!'

"(to on,) somewhat impatiently cried Olive,

when Millicent stopped.

"Robbing us of our money, Mr. Carlton?" I asked.

"To give your money to others and turn

you out penniless is no better than a robbery," he went on, as he did not hear me; "therefore, I have told my old friend Canterbury that he must get somebody else to help him in his injustice, for I won't. Tell your sisters this, my dear; and tell them that if they should be deprived of their rights, they shall come to the Hall and be my daughters!"

"Was this all?" asked Olive.

"All. He had to run back to the pony,

which would not stand, and I came and

speak to me. 'My dear,' he began, 'tell your

sisters that I have refused to act, for I never

will have a hand in robbing them of their

papa!'

"(to on,) somewhat impatiently cried Olive,

when Millicent stopped.

"Robbing us of our money, Mr. Carlton?" I asked.

"To give your money to others and turn

you out penniless is no better than a robbery," he went on, as he did not hear me; "therefore, I have told my old friend Canterbury that he must get somebody else to help him in his injustice, for I won't. Tell your sisters this, my dear; and tell them that if they should be deprived of their rights, they shall come to the Hall and be my daughters!"

"Was this all?" asked Olive.

"All. He had to run back to the pony,

which would not stand, and I came and

speak to me. 'My dear,' he began, 'tell your

sisters that I have refused to act, for I never

will have a hand in robbing them of their

papa!'

"(to on,) somewhat impatiently cried Olive,

when Millicent stopped.

"Robbing us of our money, Mr. Carlton?" I asked.

"To give your money to others and turn

you out penniless is no better than a robbery," he went on, as he did not hear me; "there

Steading and always dutiful daughters—we have ever been so, sir, you know we have; and of bequeathing your money to strangers."

Mrs. Kage let fall a bottle of something which filled the room with odor and stained the ottoman. "My dear Miss Canterbury, this is really shocking—you call your papa's beloved son a stranger!"

"Yes, Olive, he is my son," echoed Mr. Canterbury, as if it were something to catch at.

"I have not forgotten it, sir. And, as your son, he ought to receive a large proportion of your fortune. Mrs. Canterbury ought also to receive a proper portion; she is your wife. Think not we would wish to be unjust, sir, or to deprive others of what they ought to receive. You might provide amply for them—what, perhaps, even themselves would think ample—but you should also provide for us. Mrs. Canterbury, speak: am I urging anything that is not perfectly fair and just?"

"Now, Olive, don't bring me in. I told Mr. Canterbury these things were to be settled without me, and that I should say nothing, one way or the other. If he likes to leave his money to me and the ducky, of course he can on the other hand, if he leaves it to your part of the family, I don't prevent him. I am neutral."

"In taking your word, Mrs. Canterbury," replied Olive, and she was unable quite to repress all signs of sarcasm, "I can only remark that, were I you, I would not be neutral. You might respect your husband's good name, and urge him to remember it. Papa! It is the thought of you, no less than our own claims, the hope that no shadow may rest upon your memory in future years, that has brought me up this day."

"It was a most extraordinary procedure for you to come at all, my dearest Miss Canterbury, whatever may have been your motive," drawled Mrs. Kage.

"Friends in plenty would have come for me, madam, but, in my opinion, this subject should, as far as possible, be confined to the family, hence the motive of my procedure," retorted Olive. "Papa, will you do us justice? will you leave us a fair share of your great wealth? We were brought up to expect it."

"I—I—you said what I left my daughter was a fair share, Mrs. Kage," uttered the unhappy gentleman, appealing to the ottoman.

A delicate pink tinged the lady's faded face始而悲，继而喜。

"Oh! if you are good enough to ask my sentiments, dear Mr. Canterbury, I can but express them. I do think it a very nice sum indeed, for single young ladies."

Olive turned towards her. "It is five thousand pounds."

"For each of you, dear Miss Canterbury; but—"

"And you, madam, receive ten thousand in the same will."

Mrs. Kage gracefully opened her fan. "Really these are Mr. Canterbury's affairs, not mine. I am surprised at you, Miss Canterbury."

"Father," again pleaded Olive, "you have ample wealth to leave to whom you will, simple for us all. I only urge the injustice that we, your children, should be excluded."

"The baby's his own child," resolutely interposed Mrs. Kage. "Thomas, dear, do pray get me another cushion for my back. And set right to a pastie, will you. I am over-worked."

"That you may die," said Olive, looking at her father and Mrs. Canterbury.

Nobody spoke.

"In which case, if what I hear be true, the whole property goes to Mrs. Canterbury—it is to be hers unconditionally and at her disposal—the whole property," emphatically added Olive, "take this wretched five thousand to us, and the ten to Mrs. Kage."

"Oh, but you know he is not going to die," broke in Mrs. Canterbury, in a pretty little voice of affection, while her cousin, who held a pastie in one hand and a light in the other, fidgeted both, and stood gazing at her, as of transfixation by her heart.

"You do not only destroy our prospects, but our happiness," proceeded Olive. "I speak more particularly of Jane. Her marriage would have taken place before Christmas, and now Lord Rufort has ordered his son to break off the match. 'Papa'—and Olive's eyes filled, which only made her raise her head the more proudly—"it is a great humiliation to bring upon us."

Mr. Canterbury fidgeted on his legs, but his hands held his arm tight, he could not sit still that.

"You have not done it of your own free will," pursued Olive, "and, that you have not, is well known to all, for you have been ever kind to us, and would be so still, you will be, if you are left unaffiliated. Will you be so, papa? will you only be just?"

"I will take these family matters into consideration," was Mr. Canterbury's reply, "and you shall hear from me. You had better retire, Olive."

She moved towards the door, but, ere passing out of it, turned her face on Mrs. Kage and Mrs. Canterbury. "And if the result of my father's consideration be unfavorable to us, if the birth-right of his children is thus to pass from them to you, I can only assert, from my true heart, that we shall be happier in our poverty than you will be in the wealth so gained. It is far better to be the spoliator than the spoil."

Olive was gone. Mrs. Kage, with her collection of nerve-annulaires, stepped daintily from the room to enjoy the composing quiet of her own chamber. Mr. Canterbury, feeling rather little, no doubt, in many ways, returned to his study; and Mrs. Canterbury and her cousin were left alone.

"Did you ever witness such a scene, Tom? Quite vulgar, as mamma expressed it. This will give you a specimen of what those Canterbury women are."

He was in profound thought, and did not appear to hear her. Mrs. Canterbury went to the fireplace and began knocking the fire about.

"Caroline!"

The accent was as sharply imperative that she dropped the poker and turned to him.

"Did I understand clearly—that Mr. Canterbury's large fortune goes unconditionally to you?"

"No; not if you understood that. The greater portion goes to the child. I have my settlement and—"

EXTRACTS OF RECENT LETTERS From Townsend Harris, U. S. Envoy to Japan.

"I was alluding to the contingency of the child's death," he quickly interrupted. "In that case, it becomes yours, Caroline, take the advice of a friend; you know I am one: do not have the property so willed."

"But why?" she exclaimed. "If my baby should die—but he is not going to die, he is a healthy little fellow—what more natural than that his money should revert to me?"

"A large sum," he mused. "Take my advice, Caroline, let it not revert to you; or let a portion of it only revert to you. You may marry again, and your husband—"

"Whatever are you thinking of?" cried Mrs. Canterbury, breaking the pause he had come to. "You speak mysteriously, and are looking mysteriously, just as though your visions were far away, in the future or in the past. Where were your thoughts, Tom?"

"I hardly know," he answered, with the air of one awaking from a reverie; "they had come to. 'You speak mysteriously, and are looking mysteriously, just as though your visions were far away, in the future or in the past. Where were your thoughts, Tom?'

She did not reply, and presently he spoke again.

"Mr. Canterbury's daughters must have their share, Caroline. They have an equal claim with you; some might deem a greater claim."

"It is not my affair; you heard me say I was neuter. It lies with Mr. Canterbury."

"Caroline, mark me—it would not bring you good."

She tossed back her pretty curls.

"I tell you it is no affair of mine."

He fixed his keen, luminous eyes upon her, and spoke in an impulsive whisper:

"Remove not the old landmarks; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless. For their redemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with them."

"It was a most extraordinary procedure for you to come at all, my dearest Miss Canterbury, whatever may have been your motive," drawled Mrs. Kage.

"Friends in plenty would have come for me, madam, but, in my opinion, this subject should, as far as possible, be confined to the family, hence the motive of my procedure," retorted Olive. "Papa, will you do us justice? will you leave us a fair share of your great wealth? We were brought up to expect it."

"I—I—you said what I left my daughter was a fair share, Mrs. Kage," uttered the unhappy gentleman, appealing to the ottoman.

A delicate pink tinged the lady's faded face始而悲，继而喜。

"I tell you it is no affair of mine."

He fixed his keen, luminous eyes upon her, and spoke in an impulsive whisper:

"Remove not the old landmarks; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless. For their redemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with them."

"It was a most extraordinary procedure for you to come at all, my dearest Miss Canterbury, whatever may have been your motive," drawled Mrs. Kage.

"Friends in plenty would have come for me, madam, but, in my opinion, this subject should, as far as possible, be confined to the family, hence the motive of my procedure," retorted Olive. "Papa, will you do us justice? will you leave us a fair share of your great wealth? We were brought up to expect it."

"I—I—you said what I left my daughter was a fair share, Mrs. Kage," uttered the unhappy gentleman, appealing to the ottoman.

A delicate pink tinged the lady's faded face始而悲，继而喜。

"I tell you it is no affair of mine."

He fixed his keen, luminous eyes upon her, and spoke in an impulsive whisper:

"Remove not the old landmarks; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless. For their redemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with them."

"It was a most extraordinary procedure for you to come at all, my dearest Miss Canterbury, whatever may have been your motive," drawled Mrs. Kage.

"Friends in plenty would have come for me, madam, but, in my opinion, this subject should, as far as possible, be confined to the family, hence the motive of my procedure," retorted Olive. "Papa, will you do us justice? will you leave us a fair share of your great wealth? We were brought up to expect it."

"I—I—you said what I left my daughter was a fair share, Mrs. Kage," uttered the unhappy gentleman, appealing to the ottoman.

A delicate pink tinged the lady's faded face始而悲，继而喜。

"I tell you it is no affair of mine."

He fixed his keen, luminous eyes upon her, and spoke in an impulsive whisper:

"Remove not the old landmarks; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless. For their redemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with them."

"It was a most extraordinary procedure for you to come at all, my dearest Miss Canterbury, whatever may have been your motive," drawled Mrs. Kage.

"Friends in plenty would have come for me, madam, but, in my opinion, this subject should, as far as possible, be confined to the family, hence the motive of my procedure," retorted Olive. "Papa, will you do us justice? will you leave us a fair share of your great wealth? We were brought up to expect it."

"I—I—you said what I left my daughter was a fair share, Mrs. Kage," uttered the unhappy gentleman, appealing to the ottoman.

A delicate pink tinged the lady's faded face始而悲，继而喜。

"I tell you it is no affair of mine."

He fixed his keen, luminous eyes upon her, and spoke in an impulsive whisper:

"Remove not the old landmarks; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless. For their redemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with them."

"It was a most extraordinary procedure for you to come at all, my dearest Miss Canterbury, whatever may have been your motive," drawled Mrs. Kage.

"Friends in plenty would have come for me, madam, but, in my opinion, this subject should, as far as possible, be confined to the family, hence the motive of my procedure," retorted Olive. "Papa, will you do us justice? will you leave us a fair share of your great wealth? We were brought up to expect it."

"I—I—you said what I left my daughter was a fair share, Mrs. Kage," uttered the unhappy gentleman, appealing to the ottoman.

A delicate pink tinged the lady's faded face始而悲，继而喜。

"I tell you it is no affair of mine."

He fixed his keen, luminous eyes upon her, and spoke in an impulsive whisper:

"Remove not the old landmarks; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless. For their redemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with them."

"It was a most extraordinary procedure for you to come at all, my dearest Miss Canterbury, whatever may have been your motive," drawled Mrs. Kage.

"Friends in plenty would have come for me, madam, but, in my opinion, this subject should, as far as possible, be confined to the family, hence the motive of my procedure," retorted Olive. "Papa, will you do us justice? will you leave us a fair share of your great wealth? We were brought up to expect it."

"I—I—you said what I left my daughter was a fair share, Mrs. Kage," uttered the unhappy gentleman, appealing to the ottoman.

A delicate pink tinged the lady's faded face始而悲，继而喜。

"I tell you it is no affair of mine."

He fixed his keen, luminous eyes upon her, and spoke in an impulsive whisper:

"Remove not the old landmarks; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless. For their redemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with them."

"It was a most extraordinary procedure for you to come at all, my dearest Miss Canterbury, whatever may have been your motive," drawled Mrs. Kage.

"Friends in plenty would have come for me, madam, but, in my opinion, this subject should, as far as possible, be confined to the family, hence the motive of my procedure," retorted Olive. "Papa, will you do us justice? will you leave us a fair share of your great wealth? We were brought up to expect it."

"I—I—you said what I left my daughter was a fair share, Mrs. Kage," uttered the unhappy gentleman, appealing to the ottoman.

A delicate pink tinged the lady's faded face始而悲，继而喜。

"I tell you it is no affair of mine."

He fixed his keen, luminous eyes upon her, and spoke in an impulsive whisper:

"Remove not the old landmarks; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless. For their redemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with them."

"It was a most extraordinary procedure for you to come at all, my dearest Miss Canterbury, whatever may have been your motive," drawled Mrs. Kage.

"Friends in plenty would have come for me, madam, but, in my opinion, this subject should, as far as possible, be confined to the family, hence the motive of my procedure," retorted Olive. "Papa, will you do us justice? will you leave us a fair share of your great wealth? We were brought up to expect it."

"I—I—you said what I left my daughter was a fair share, Mrs. Kage," uttered the unhappy gentleman, appealing to the ottoman.

A delicate pink tinged the lady's faded face始而悲，继而喜。

"I tell you it is no affair of mine."

He fixed his keen, luminous eyes upon her, and spoke in an impulsive whisper:

"Remove not the old landmarks; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless. For their redemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with them."

"It was a most extraordinary procedure for you to come at all, my dearest Miss Canterbury, whatever may have been your motive," drawled Mrs. Kage.

"Friends in plenty would have come for me, madam, but, in my opinion, this subject should, as far as possible, be confined to the family, hence the motive of my procedure," retorted Olive. "Papa, will you do us justice? will you leave us a fair share of your great wealth? We were brought up to expect it."

"I—I—you said what I left my daughter was a fair share, Mrs. Kage," uttered the unhappy gentleman, appealing to the ottoman.

A delicate pink tinged the lady's faded face始而悲，继而喜。

"I tell you it is no affair of mine."

He fixed his keen, luminous eyes upon her, and spoke in an impulsive whisper:

"Remove not the old landmarks; and enter not into the fields of the fatherless. For their redemer is mighty; he shall plead their cause with them."

"It was a most extraordinary procedure for you to come at all, my dearest Miss Canterbury, whatever may have been your motive," drawled Mrs. Kage.

"Friends in plenty would have come for me, madam, but, in my opinion, this subject should, as far as possible, be confined to the family, hence the motive of my procedure," retorted Olive. "Papa, will you do us justice? will you leave us a fair share of your great wealth? We were brought up to expect it."

"I—I—you said what I left my daughter was a fair share, Mrs. Kage," uttered the unhappy gentleman, appealing to the ottoman.

A delicate pink tinged the lady's faded face始而悲，继而喜。

"I tell you it is no affair of mine."

He fixed his keen, luminous eyes upon her

NEWS ITEMS

In the recent competition for the Postage of the New York Post Office, the Society gave the largest daily subscription list, 40,000. The letter list was therefore taken from the Herald, and given to the Sun.

LAST OF THE RHODE ISLAND SLAVES.—James Howland, the last of the Rhode Island slaves, died at the residence of John Howland, James-town, Rhode Island, on the 3d instant, at the ripe old age of one hundred years. He had always been a faithful servant in the Howland family. Up to the hour of his death he retained all his faculties unimpaired, and on the night of January 28, attended to his usual duties about the house. On the morning of the 3d he arose, dressed himself, and was about to descend the stairs from his chamber when he fainted, and expired in a few moments.—*Providence Tribune.*

NEW KIND OF PIANO.—A new invention has come out in the Musical World, in the form of an improved piano forte. It is in a wholly original model. It has an iron frame made solid; the sounding board is arched, and instead of being an endless succession of jacks, hammers, flanges, bats, strings, pins, etc., it has a system made to conform to the principle of the violin. The sound produced has a round, voice-like quality, such as has never before been attained.

The breadth and quality of the tone are like well-voiced voices of skillful men and women. Some of the most eminent musical men in New York, where the invention has been exhibited, have given their approbation to this novel instrument. It is a long time since any progress of special importance has been made in the construction of the piano forte, but the present improvement seems likely to prove a valuable one.

The telegraph is having a beneficial effect in correcting the tendency to verbiage. A gentleman went the other day to St. Louis, and, wishing to be especially endearing, sent a telegraphic dispatch to his wife, in New York, asking "What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" She telegraphed back, "Breakfast cakes and the measles."

PENETRATING CHINA.—Lord Elgin, the British Minister in China, has projected an Expedition up the Yangtze River, which promises many interesting results. With a quadrigon of steam corvettes and gun-boats, six in number, and with the consent of the Chinese authorities, he is going as far as Hangchow, the principal commercial emporium on the river, five hundred miles distant from its mouth, and more than three hundred miles above Nankin, beyond the utmost limit of "outside barbarian" navigation. The Yangtze is called the Mississippi of China, but as it drains about a third of China, the population on its banks must be eight or ten times as much as that on the Mississippi.

LORD NAPOLI has officially requested the British Government to confirm or refute the statements made in the London letter to the Boston Advertiser, respecting his partisan relations here.

The wife of Thomas Redley, of Lockport, New York, put her little child in the wood-box, near the stove, for safe-keeping, while she went down the street. The stove became too hot, and set the wood box on fire, and before assistance could be rendered the child was burnt to death.

GENTMAN left a sugar estate, the income of which ranges from \$40,000 to \$60,000, to go to his daughter, wife of Lieutenant Lovell, of the Water Witch.

A NOVEL EXHIBITION is about to be given by the people of Wolcottville, New York, who, on Thursday evening, January 29th, gave an entertainment called "The Old Folks' Kitchen," with the costumes, furniture, spinning-wheels in motion, and other features of the old times of 100 years ago.

DR. CAROT and Dr. Bowditch have held a consultation upon Theodore Parker's case, and have come to the conclusion that his disease is pulmonary consumption. He will sail very soon for one of the West India Islands, probably Barbadoes, with the hope that time and relaxation from labor may work a cure. His society will probably take a smaller hand, and continue their organization and Sunday services.

It is stated as a reason why Vice-President Breckinridge boards at a hotel instead of occupying the magnificent residence recently completed for him, that the bulk of his property was swallowed up by the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company.

COLD. THAT—A man was baptised in the Poestenkill Creek, Rensselaer County, through a hole cut in the ice, while the thermometer marked 11 deg. below zero.

The story about the discovery of an ancient Egyptian hotel register, upon which was found the names "J. Cobb and E. San, Mesopotamia," is a fabrication. Jacob and Esan were not accustomed to writing their names in that manner.

JUDITH HUTCHINSON, just previous to his nuptials, had finished a new house, costing \$5,000, a few feet from that previously built and occupied by the brothers on High Rock, Lynn. The supposition that he was insane, is somewhat corroborated by his last words, which were written on a box made by one of his nephews, and are as follows:—

This is Henry's box—
It caused him many knobs;
I would say the box cover,
The box to cover over.
He made it with his tools;
He is not one of the tools.
That goes without any rules
Like me, one of the tools.

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, of Cincinnati, offers to give a silver goblet, of the value of one hundred dollars, or the sum of money, if preferred, for grapes that will be superior to Catawba, for the purposes of wine—the decision of the question to be left to Ohio "Vine Growers' Association."

DR. ABRAHAM CLARK, of Meriden, Connecticut, for half a century the acknowledged champion of checkers players in that part of the state, has at last been beaten in a match of 72 games, played at 12 sittings of six each, the doctor winning only 16, his opponent 44, and the remaining 12 drawn.

The President's Message reached San Francisco at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 26th, having been only nineteen days and six hours on the road from St. Louis to California.

A young man, named Barnes, was recently fined \$1 in a London court for kissing a girl ten years against his will.

A private letter states that some excitement had been occasioned in Hayava by the publication of a statement that Major General Remond, C of the United States, had sent a letter ordering the Captain-General fifteen millions to declare the island independent, and himself (Gen. Con) his first President.

The supply of Beef cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Wardell's Avenue Drove Yard—19 head B Elliott, Blair co., \$76.8; 29 D Lloyd, Westmoreland county, 776.8; 28 Moony & Baker, Ohio, \$16.9; 29 J. McClure, Chester co., \$16.9; 13 J. Kaufman, Lancaster co., \$8.9; 29 D G Gemmill, Del., 76.9; 58 Schamburg, Ohio, \$16.9; 69 Hartman & Co., Va., \$6.9; 37 Barker & Co., Ohio, \$4.6; 19 Biddle & Co., 16.9; 11 Ibrahim, do, \$4.9; 24 S. Frank, Chester co., \$4.9; 10 E Neely, do, \$4.9; 13 J Mitchell, do, \$4.9; 19 F Hathaway, do, \$4.9; 10 E Eaby, do, \$4.9; 33 McFadden, do, \$4.9; 10 S. Seymour, by Cochran, 16.9; 10, 20 A Kemble, Chester co., \$4.9; 10, 14 T McClung, Va., \$4.9; 8 J. Chester, do, \$4.9; 13 J. Chandler, do, \$4.9; 6 Wellington, do, \$4.9.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head, and prices about the same as last week. The following lots were sold at Wardell's Avenue Drove Yard—19

head B Elliott, Blair co., \$76.8; 29 D Lloyd, Westmoreland county, 776.8; 28 Moony & Baker, Ohio, \$16.9; 29 J. McClure, Chester co., \$16.9; 13 J.

Kaufman, Lancaster co., \$8.9; 29 D G Gemmill, Del., 76.9; 58 Schamburg, Ohio, \$16.9; 69 Hartman & Co., Va., \$6.9; 37 Barker & Co., Ohio, \$4.6;

19 Biddle & Co., 16.9; 11 Ibrahim, do, \$4.9;

24 S. Frank, Chester co., \$4.9; 10 E Neely, do, \$4.9;

13 J Mitchell, do, \$4.9; 19 F Hathaway, do, \$4.9;

10 E Eaby, do, \$4.9; 33 McFadden, do, \$4.9;

10 S. Seymour, by Cochran, 16.9; 10, 20 A Kemble, Chester co., \$4.9; 10, 14 T McClung, Va., \$4.9; 8 J. Chester, do, \$4.9; 13 J. Chandler, do, \$4.9; 6 Wellington, do, \$4.9.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Jan. 22.—BREADSTUFFS.—Flour—buoyant—

sale of \$5,000 per M. to \$5,000 per State, \$6.00

to \$6.20 per bushel, and \$3.65 to \$3.80 for Southern

Wheat flour—Oats—Corn—Turnips—mixed

mixed at \$5.60 per bushel. Mop Pork firm at \$17.50, for old Prime, \$13.25 to \$13.50. Lard firm at \$11.50

per bushel, and \$10.50 to \$11.00 for fat.

Deafness CURED.—However caused

if the ticking of a watch can be heard, let

letters of inquiry addressed to DR. BOARDMAN,

No. 12 Suffolk Place, Boston, answered. References and apparatus sent by express.

Jan. 22.—Whiskey dull at 28c.

This trial trip of Ross Winans's cigar-shaped steamer, was considered highly successful. With a pressure of 50 pounds of steam, (half her capacity,) a satisfactory headway was made. The points of the bow and stern barely touched the water, and the even progress of the vessel caused no commotion of the waves, but left a smooth wake like a groove. The average speed attained was about 12 miles an hour. The ventilation below decks was perfectly preserved during the running of the machinery, and at no time did the thermometer rise above 65 degrees Fahrenheit.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS—SWEDEN ABROAD.—According to a statement in the Stockholm *Adelsblad*, the author of the old University town of Upsal have granted elective franchises to fifty women owning real estate, and to thirty-one doing business on their own account. The representative that their votes assisted in electing will sit in the House of Burgesses or Merchants.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, JANUARY 29, 1859.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Deposits of DEWEY & CO., 20 Broad St., New York, 14 & 16 Ann St., N. Y. ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 12 Nassau St., N. Y. HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md. BURNHAM, FEDERICK & CO., Boston, Mass. SAFFORD & PARK, Newbern, Conn. BUNTA & MINER, Pittsburg. R. W. PEASE & CO., 25 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O. MCNALLY & CO., 30 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky. HAGAN & BROTHER, Nashville, Tenn. ELI ADAMS, Davenport, Iowa. E. M. MON, Richmond, Va. LELTON ROULEMET, Mobile, Ala. J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La. JAMES DAVENPORT, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Periodicals generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

A genuine Scotch haggis, "great chieftain o' the pudding race," is on its way across the Atlantic, to grace the table of the Burns festival in Boston.

COUGHS AND COLDS.

UTICA, CLARK CO., IND., Sept. 4th, 1858.

MESSRS. TYLER & HOWES, Gentlemen—

I had been afflicted for 15 years with an obstinate and severe cough, which had prostrated me very much, so that it prevented me from doing any work that required much exercise. I was so reduced that my friends thought I could not live long. I had tried many medicines in hope of being cured, and quit taking them and despaired of being any better. Fortunately I commenced using your Expectorant, which gave me immediate relief, and the contents of two bottles rid me of the cough. I am in my 50th year, and during the past harvest I done good days' work in the field. Yours respectfully,

THEOPHILUS ROBINSON.

DR. D. JAYNE & SON, Gentlemen—

Above we hand you the certificate of Mr. Theophilus Robinson, whose statement can be relied upon. Permit us to say that in selling your medicines not one complaint have we heard about their not giving satisfaction.

Your Sanative Pills are considered to be an excellent remedy for Liver Complaint, disordered stomach, &c. Very respectfully,

TYLER & HOWES.

The Expectorant is prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne & Son, Philadelphia, and is for sale by their agents throughout the country. Jan22-23

A GOOD TIME COMING.

For dyspepsies and those who have been suffering for years with a disordered liver, weakish and the digestive organs. You will believe this after giving HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS a trial. This remedy will cause a permanent cure, and enable you to enjoy life.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

REV. C. HIBBARD, writing from Burma to his father says—I have used PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER for coughs, colds, summer complaints, burns, bruises, and for the sting of scorpions with uniform success. We always keep it where we can put our hands on it in the dark if need be. Sold by druggists and grocers generally.

Wit and Humor.

THE DEACON AND THE IRISHMAN.

A few months ago, as Mr. Ingalls, of Swampscott, R. I., was travelling through the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country, and was in quest of a brother who came before him and settled in some of the diggings in that vicinity.

Pat was a strong, athletic man, a true Catholic, and had never seen the interior of a Protestant church. It was a pleasant Sunday morning that brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired the road to the nearest church. Ingalls was a good old pious man. He told Pat he was going to church himself, and invited his new-made acquaintance to keep him company thither (his place of destination being a small Methodist meeting house near by.) There was a great revival there at the time, and one of the Deacons, (who by the way was very small in stature,) invited brother Ingalls to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation and walked in, followed by Pat, who looked in vain to find the altar, &c. After he was seated, he turned to brother Ingalls, and a whisper which could be heard all round, inclosed:

"Sure, an' isn't this a hirlick church?" "Hush," said Ingalls, "if you speak a loud word, they will put you out."

"And faith, not a word will I speake, at all," replied Pat.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the pastor. Pat was eying him very closely, when an old gentleman who was standing in the pew directly in front of Pat, shouted "Amen!"

"Huz, ye spalpeen," rejoined Pat, with his lead whisper, which was plainly heard by the minister, "be decent, and don't make a blackguard of yourself."

The parson grew more and more fervent in his devotions. Presently the Deacon uttered an audible groan.

"Hist, ye blackguard, have you no decency at all, at all?" said Pat, at the same moment giving the Deacon a punch in the ribs which caused him nearly to lose his equilibrium. The minister stopped, and extending his hand in a supplicating manner, said—

"Brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way. Will some one put that man out?"

"Yes, your reverence," shouted Pat, "I will!" and suiting the action to the word, he called the Deacon, and to the utter horror and astonishment of the pastor, brother Ingalls, and the whole congregation, he dragged him through the aisle, and with a tremendous kick, landed him in the vestibule of the church.

A FRENCH PENA.

Winter brings back to us not only dinners, but balls, those twin pleasures of long evenings. The first of the Parisian season took place in a saloon of the *Chaussee d'Antin*; and, remarking the ardor with which young girls rushed thither, a chronicler relates the means which a Cure employed to prove to his young penitentes the true foundation for their love of dancing.

When they confessed to have hopped and waltzed whole nights through—

"Then you love to dance extremely," said he to them.

"Ah, yes! Monsieur le Cure."

"Well, then, I will give you a very sweet penance; you shall dance before your mirror for three hours, all alone!"

They went away, very well contented with the leniency of their pastor; but when they returned to the confessional, he said to them—

"Well, did you vigorously observe your penance?"

"No, Monsieur le Cure," they severely replied; "it was not possible—dance for three hours entirely by oneself! Could we do it?"

"Ah!" replied the pastor, "it is not then only the dance that you love!"

In all probability, the young girls retired to muse over what else there might be that was the true cause of their infatuation for the Tarpeianorean art. Of course, they found out, for, now a days, maidens are not obliged to sigh long for such information, like the native *maiden* in the quaint German ballad:

"Oh! who will tell

A poor, little innocent maid like me,
For what, besides speaking, my two lips may be—

and they may have before suspected that their gallant partners had something to do with their complete enjoyment.

AN INVETERATE STORY TELLER.—Two gentlemen from Virginia were travelling in a far distant land, some years ago; and after a long and exhausting journey, joyfully threw themselves upon their sylvan couch in the wilderness.

In the "dead and lonely wastes of the night," one of them was suddenly aroused by his companion, who shook him hurriedly and roughly by the shoulder.

He started up, and drawing a pistol from his belt, looked anxiously for the enemy whose approach had put an end to his slumbers. Nothing was visible, however; and when his roving glance fell on the countenance of his companion, he perceived that the gentleman in question was smiling, and gazing at him with deep interest.

"Why in the world did you wake me—?" he asked, with a growl.

"Because," responded his companion, with great cheerfulness, "I remembered that story I was trying all day to think of, about Squire Brown, in Charlotte, my dear fellow! I know if I went to sleep without telling you about it, I would forget it completely; and I could not find it in my heart to disappoint you. Squire Brown, you see—"

What Squire Brown performed was never, however, related. I prefer omitting the mortified observations of the around sleeper, as he sank again to rest—pursued by his smiling and persistent historian, even to the borders of slumber land.—*Southern Literary Messenger*.

A POLICE OFFICER.—The prisoner, whose name was Dick Swivel, alias "stove pipe Pete," was placed at the bar.

Judge.—Bring the prisoner into court.

Pete.—Here I am, bound to blane, as the spirits of turpentine said, when it was all afeare.

We will take the fire out of you. How do you live?

I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked him if he'd be roasted or fried.

We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or the spirits of turpentine. What do you follow?

Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when he run over a man.

Don't care anything about the locomotive.—What is your business?

That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken.

That comes nearest to the line, I suppose.

Altogether in my line, as the rope said when it was choking the pirate.

If I hear any more absurd comparisons, I will give you twelve months.

I'm done, as the beefsteak said to the cook.

NOR BAIN.—A story is told of a doctor in the goodly town of B——, not a hundred miles from Vermont. The doctor kept missing his wood, and set watch. As was expected, it proved to be the work of a mean neighbor, who soon appeared, and carefully cutting off all dry wood, started off with an armful. The doctor hastily gathered up an armful of green wood, and followed, tugging as fast as he could, and just as the man threw down his armful, the doctor did the same, exclaiming,

"There, you must burn green wood a part of the time—I have to," and departed, leaving the thief to his own reflections.

A STRADOT ROAD.—Major Brown, some years ago, occupied a seat in the Legislature of one of our Western States. The subject of general improvement was being discussed, and among the rest, a bill for improving roads was before the House. The Major "spread" himself慷慨ly in favor of the bill. Pointing out the beauties and benefits of roads, "Why, gentlemen," said he, "look at the Michigan road, straight as a bow-line, sir; and, gentlemen, so straight that you can see a red dog a mile long, sir."

Agricultural.

WINTERING COWS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FARMER, N. Y., JAN. 1, 1859.

In suggesting a few hints on wintering cows, let it be premised that the hay for their consumption is made from the right kind of grass, cut at the proper season, and stored in the barn in good condition—each variety or quality in a mow by itself; or, if the mow is necessarily large, in distinct divisions of the same, so that any quality of hay may be used when required. Ordinarily, the best and finest should be used in fall and spring while the cows give milk, and that which is coarse and poor, during the intensely cold weather, when a sharp appetite will receive it with a good relish. Let it also be premised that the cows have good stable room, where the temperature can be regulated by proper ventilation, where the cows have a floor so much elevated above that in the rear as to secure them a dry place to stand or lie, and that they be fastened by ropes or stanchions so far apart, as not to be constantly irritating each other by their proximity. And let it be further premised that the promises have a warm yard adjacent to the barn—smooth and level, or nearly so; and that it may have acute corners, where the weaker cows be caught and injured by the stronger, and that this yard contain a large trough, or tub, supplied with running water from some spring near by, or from logs under ground, in order that it may be as warm as possible. This watering place should not be in a corner, or any sheltered spot, where the masters of the lot would congregate and hold the rest in obeisance. Cows should not drink in small, sluggish streams where the water is soon befouled by their treading and wading and becomes undrinkable. With these pre-requisites good management will insure success; without them the stock tender's labor to carry his cows through the winter, in good condition, may, and often does, prove futile.

But one mow should be encroached on, at a time, in feeding out the hay; and if the mow is large, with a small stock to feed, it should be cut down with a hay knife and fed out in parcels; for, hay exposed a long time to the air, not only deteriorates materially in value, but becomes dry and unpalatable. And, for the same reason, only as much should be thrown from the mow at a time as is required for immediate use.

The cows should be fed a small quantity of hay as early in the morning as there is light sufficient in the barn—when that is gone feed a little more, and so continue until the appetite is satisfied. Hay fed in this way will all be liked and eaten—fed in large quantities it is breathed on and worked over until it becomes offensive and is rejected. This mode of feeding twice a day is practised by our best and most successful dairymen, and is enough, the remaining time being needed for the re-mastication of food so coarse a nature.

When the cows have done eating they should be turned into the yard for water, exercise, and rubbing, where, if the weather is mild, they may remain until it is time to shut them up for the night's fodder, at which time they should be fed as in the morning; but should the weather be so cold, windy or stormy as to be unpleasant for a man exposed to it, the cows should, soon after drinking, be remanded to the stanchions—the severity of the weather determining the duration of their stay out doors. In case they are so remanded, they should be again turned out just before the night's foddering, for water and exercise. The food and water should be allowed them, each day at regular hours, and they will not be uneasy for want of them. Salt should be dealt to them sparingly during the cold weather.



AN INTERESTING QUESTION.

YOUNG SWELL (who has just received promise of a Commission in a Highland Regiment).—Now, girls! will the kilt suit my calves?"

Sermons (tittering).—"Really, dear, you are too absurd!"

—London Punch.

INFLUENCE OF THE MOON.—Sir Charles Napier, when in India, during an epidemic of fever, noticed that the attacks came on at the changes of the moon. "The wise men in England," said Sir Charles, "may laugh, but no doctor here laughs: they pitch in quinine at full and new moon." If the General had read the celebrated Dr. Mead's "Essay on the Influence of Sun and Moon upon Human Bodies," he would have known that there was high authority for the doctrine. "To conclude," says Mead, after detailing many instances of the access or exacerbation of disease at these periods, "the powerful action of the moon is observed not only by philosophers and natural historians, but even by the common people, who have been fully persuaded of it time out of mind. Pliny relates that Aristotle laid it down as an aphorism that 'no animal dies but in the ebb of the tide,' and that births and deaths chiefly happen about the new and full moon is an axiom even among women." Every one will remember the allusion to the popular belief in Aristotle's aphorism, which is contained in Mrs. Quickly's description of the death of Falstaff,—"a part just between twelve and one, 'er in at the turning of the tide."

RANDOLPH.—A thousand anecdotes of John Randolph are related. The — family were involved in some unpleasant difficulties with the Roanoke orator, and those of the name were so numerous, that when an altercation took place with one, it was apt to end in a collision with the entire class.

"They are like a pile of fish hooks," said Randolph, joining his forefinger and thumb, "if you try to raise one, you raise a hundred of them."

This trifle exhibits an actual instance of the peculiar plainness and point which characterized Mr. Randolph's illustrations. The listener followed the direction of his thin forefinger, and seemed to look upon the images painted by a stroke of his trenchant wit.—*Southern Literary Messenger*.

Useful Receipts.

TO CURE CHILBLAINS.—I used to have chilblains three years ago, and will back the following receipt for the cure against any. When they begin to itch unpleasantly, on going to bed take a towel, or anything you like, and cover the parts not chilled, exposing the parts that are; then get a holly twig, 18 inches long, with six or seven prickly leaves at the top, and whip the chilblains until they bleed. I tried this sixteen or eighteen years since, and got rid of chilblains entirely until about four years since, when I used the remedy again, and have been free up to the present time. It requires a little nerve, and perhaps the best way would be to get an assistant to wield the twig. Allow me, in conclusion, to say that I have a great deal in the country, shoot three or four days a week, and few men are less careful in changing wet boots or exposing themselves to the weather than myself.—*Holly Bush*.]

[We can, but the cures are not so good. You can, but there are few people who will adopt the dogging remedy, which many consider worse than the disease.—*London Field*.]

SOLD INK.—M. Leonhardi, of Dresden, has invented an ink which he can form into cakes, for the convenience of transport. The inventor takes forty-two parts of Aleppo gall, and three parts of Dutch madder, and infuses them in a sufficient quantity of hot water. The solution is then filtered, and five and a half parts of sulphate of iron are dissolved in it, after which two parts of acetate of iron and one and one-fifth part of liquid sulphate of indigo are added. The whole is then evaporated to dryness, and the residuum moulded into cakes.—One part of this dry ink dissolved in six of hot water, gives an ink of first rate quality; but one of good quality may be obtained by adding only fifteen parts of hot water.

BANDOLINE.—This article, so universally used now for the hair, can be made for about half the price charged for it, in the following way: Take an ounce of quince seeds, pour upon them half a pint of boiling water, let it stand till cold, then add half a pint of cognac water, and strain it. Keep it in bottles, tightly corked.

HOP YEAST.—Take as many potatoes as you wish—say a dozen—pare and boil them in just water enough to cover them. When they are boiled soft, mash them fine in the water, and thicken with flour while it is scalding hot, a little thicker than pancake batter; when it is sufficiently cool, add a little hop yeast to raise it. When it comes up it will be fit for use, and may be used for bread or biscuit the same as any other yeast.

This yeast may be kept from one to four weeks, according to the coolness of the weather and the place you keep it in.

It should be covered tight from the air. I keep it in a small-mouthed jar, with an oilcloth tied over it.—D. W., in Northwestern Prairie Farmer.

A GOOD PLAIN PUDDING.—Fill a baking dish that will hold two quarts, nearly full of apples, pared and cut coarsely. On this sprinkle six tablespooms of sage; then pour into the dish as much hot water as will cover the apples and sage; let it bake about two hours. If the upper pieces of apple become too broken, push them down, and others will take their places. This pudding should be eaten warm, with cream or milk and sugar. When cold it is an excellent substitute for *biscuit*.

It is economical, healthful, nutritious and delicious.

GRAHAM BREAD.—One quart of milk: scald one half of it, and pour it on one quart of good Graham flour; then add the rest of the milk warm, and flour enough to stir as thick as possible with a spoon, adding half a cup of good molasses while stirring it—then bake slowly for an hour.

Another.—Two teacups of sweet milk, two of sour milk, half a cup of molasses, one teaspoomful of soda, Graham flour enough to make a thick batter—bake slowly an hour.

This makes the better bread of the two recipes, in the opinion of the generality of people.

Graham flour to be good should be made of the best white winter wheat, and great care should be taken by the miller that it be not ground too fine. It spoils it to be ground too fine. The bread does not rise well.—Country Gentleman.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 13, 3, 1, 7, is a town in Asia.

My 13, 4, 11, 3, is a river in Europe.

My 14, 15, 3, 13, is a town in Europe.

My 9, 7, 10, 2, is a county in one of the Southern States.

My 5, 6, 8, is a river in Europe.

My 2, 6, 12, is a river in Austria.

My whole was a man whose name is connected with the History of America.

Bowmanville. R. M. L.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 27, 11, 24, 27, 14, is a city in Austria.

My 3, 15, 24, 18, 17, 26, 27, is a river in European Turkey.

My 17, 12, 11, 13, 1, 8, 9, is a cape on the southern coast of Asia.

My 26, 10, 13, 1, 19, 28, 6, is a gulf on the coast of Italy.

My 2, 6, 24, 26, 6, 3, is a bay on the coast of N. America.

My 14, 15, 22, 10, 13, is a lake in Europe.